"Where there is no vision the people perish."

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CONTENTS

Ode to the Night-Jar, Wallace B. Nichols	229
Posthumous Fame: *The Quick and the Dead*, W. S. Godfrey	232
The Poetic or Creative Temperament, Julia Boynton Green	238
Forboding, Elsa Brabant Parker	241
The Forefathers, A. D. L. Wilson	242
Many Waters Cannot Quench . . . G. W. Eustace	248
Modern Greek Poetry: VII; Simos Menardos	248
In This Our Day, Arthur Hood	261
On Borrowing, Michael Roberts	269
Hollyhocks, M. E. Barnicle	272
A Study of English Rhyme: I; T. E. Casson	278
The Dynamics of American Poetry: XVII; Alice Hunt Bartlett	277
Revelation, Clyde Robertson	286
The Winged Horse, Helen Hartness Flanders	287
Poetry and Words	289
The Poets' Fellowship: Premium Awards and Announcements	295
Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson's Advice to Verse Speakers	301
New Examination Test Pieces	302
Verse Speaking Examinations Pass Lists	iv.

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ODE TO THE NIGHT-JAR

THE downs are quiet to-night ; the dimming grass
Is waiting for the moon to tinge the fir ;
Save flittermice and dusky moths that pass
Nowhere is any stir
Until a pine-cone negligently drops,
Or a twig breaks within the breathless copse—
A faery thunder in the solitude :
Thrice fortunate the ground
Where such a gentle sound
Makes thunder to outwit the dreaming mood !

I am listening, listening for the nightingale,
But no note bubbles yet from any tree ;
How silence can be strong which is so frail
That softest melody
May rend it like a sleeve of gossamer !
Save for the little busy lives of fur,
I am alone. No note yet ! But the moon
Behind the wizard thorns
Now rears her silver horns :
O nightingale, come with thy descant soon !

Stars, one by one, like lonely kings, arise
And camp together, leagued against the dark ;
Yet still the laggard nightingale denies
His golden song—though hark !
A bird's note. Note ? More like a rusty cry !
What thing is this that mocks the woodland sky ?
O night-jar, eve-jar, fern-owl, by what name
Soever thou art called,
Fly hence ! Thou hast forestalled
Thy better, and dost fill the night with shame.

Fly hence ! Be silent ! Such a scrannel note
Untunes the very music of the spheres.
What, will no brother goblin still thy throat ?
Oh, if the night hath ears
She shudders in her leafy soul to list !
What art thou but a cynic parodist

Of the ancient Word that bade all beauty be ?
Cease thy deriding cry,
To thine own claw-hold fly !—
Some bough in hell, the proper perch for thee.

It is not fitting thou and moonlight meet
In the same circuit of the green, warm night ;
The marle of Chaos should be thy retreat,
Far from the bounds of light !
Dost dream to be the young moon's laureate
Since to his tryst the nightingale comes late ?
Or hast thou in some ferny thicket slain
The lover of the rose,
And now, above his throes,
Dost hymn thy triumph with this Tartarian strain ?

Thou wilt not cease thy rattle, wilt not cease !
Hearing, I know the visions of our youth
To be but vain, and held on shortest lease ;
Harsh as thy note, the truth !
How many listen for the nightingale
And hear but thee, O night-jar, and grow pale,
Songless and surfeited of dissonance ?
Why should I curse thee home
Who hast but only come
To bid my soul remember Fate and Chance ?

Sing, then, what song thou wilt, and I will hear
With such a tamed attention as I may,
And by immoderate title, poet, seer,
Or sweetest bird on spray,
Mock thine own mockery, disillusion's priest !
Oh, thou wilt still wear out, when thou hast ceased,
The wild copse-echoes, and my heart will shake
Within my mournful breast,
That once such dreams confessed
But now to earth's disasters is awake.

The moon is disentangled from the boughs
  And mounts in maiden magic through the sky ;
Beneath her corn-pale glimmer the leaves drowse,
    And the hours go wistful by ;
Thou singest still, and ever out of tune—
Forever inharmonious with the moon,
And inharmonious with the naked night.
    Yet, sometimes, half a note
    Brings mystery to thy throat !
With a new ear I listen in despite.

Unto what pair on earth in self-same guise
  Comes beauty ? Who may tell to any : this
Is beauty ; this is not ? No man so wise !
    We know nor pain nor bliss
Save as with pain or bliss we draw our breath ;
Then who of beauty ever true word saith
Save as with beauty Time is seen or heard ?
    So how may I be sure
    Thy raw note seem not pure
To some ear not my own, O jarring bird ?

Thou, too, hast beauty ; thou, too, ecstasy !
  It is our ears are rude and not thy note ;
Untutored in thy foreign scale are we,
    Who have the lark's by rote ;
But now I guess things never sung by lark
And, doubting thy dark strain, doubt death's, more dark !—
Doubt sorrow, doubt despair, doubt human wrong ;
    Since even in thee resides
    Such music as abides,
May not there be, through all life's discord, song ?

WALLACE B. NICHOLS.

Sir Edmund Gosse had completed only a few weeks before his death the re-editing of the poetry and prose of Thomas Love Beddoes, to be published in the autumn by the Fanfrolico Press, which produces such beautiful books. The Beddoes manuscripts were transmitted by Browning to Sir Edmund, who edited them in two volumes in 1890-94. This edition has long been out of print, and the new one contains more matter and a new biography of Beddoes.

POSTHUMOUS FAME

"These all died in faith, not having received the promises."

THE promise came—but late, and found them gone—
Full tide it came, and like a fire it spread;
Their names are household words, their books are read,
Their pictures prized, and all the honours done.
But when they lived and wrought beneath the sun,
Precariously earning daily bread,
Their fame had tarried—now themselves are dead
And nothing know of all their works have won.
Brave souls! of genius conscious though uncrowned,
Impassioned by Parnassus though unknown;
By fellow mortals slighted and disowned,
By the immortals counted as their own;
In later age the harvest is renowned
By you, in faith, so gloriously sown.

W. S. GODFREY.

THE QUICK AND THE DEAD

THE Quick—the breathing, moving, thinking throng,
Infant and adolescent and full grown;
Some sowing and some reaping what was sown,
All being, doing, whether right or wrong.
The Dead—nor work, nor play, nor sigh, nor song!
In sepulchre and silence and alone;
"Here lies," "In Memory of" upon a stone,
All that is left! nor that for very long.
The Quick, by Fate's compassion or caprice,
All unsuspectingly pursue their way;
View as a freehold an expiring lease,
And think to-morrow will be as to-day;
But one by one the generations cease,
And so at their appointed moment—they.

W. S. GODFREY.

THE POETIC OR CREATIVE TEMPERAMENT

IN considering the poetic or creative temperament, one assumes instinctively the attitude of an apologist, being conscious of a lurking prejudice; for the poet—anyone—who makes a business of providing that which is to most an occasional diversion, seems to be taking that too seriously or life too lightly. Lord Tennyson, it is said, arrived one evening at a remote country inn. After he had been shown to his room a bystander asked the landlady, "Did you know that man is a great poet?" "Indeed he's not!" she indignantly retorted, "He's just a nice, honest gentleman!"

At present, it is true, the rhymesters are having their innings, and are far from being counted among the purveyors of superfluities; but dare we trust this is more than a transient ray of Fortune's fickle sun?

Doubtless there are some great and good gifts which, weighing the responsibilities and conditions attaching thereto, the truly philosophic mind would cheerfully decline were they proffered. Of these are personal beauty and great wealth. The thoughtless, the daring, the irresponsible, to be sure, would accept either of them without a moment's delay, joyfully risking all pitfalls and temptations. There is one endowment, however, which to the reflective reveals so many handicaps, and to the unreflecting so small, so vague returns of joy, that neither looks upon it as a covetable thing. This is the gift of the poetic or creative temperament.

Observing the lives of those unquestionably so endowed, they seem to have had more than the common share of hurts, griefs, humiliations, disappointments—and to have been especially characterized by waywardness and eccentricity, if not by actual evil. Of the secret bliss, the pure delight of achievement, the unspeakable compensations accruing to days thus devoted, who shall speak?

But—the "divine discontent" that for ever haunts the poet, the artist, the musician, leading him on from the thing done to the thing beckoning, is not a convivial comrade nor a quiet bedfellow.

It would seem, on the whole, that a comfortable medioc-

rity is the happier fate. To go about selling dry-goods, administering pills, stitching pinafores or scouring saucepans, with a beautiful idea in one's head beseeching rhythmical expression, is a divided, absent, wistful sort of existence, hard for oneself, and most trying, inevitably, to the associates of the genius.

To commit one's all to poetry, with whole-hearted "faith in the whispers of the lonely Muse" to supply not only soul satisfaction but actual bodily subsistence—this is truly a supreme test, an anxious experiment. It is an old story that while the world's singers were making beauty for others they languished in poverty and ugliness themselves. They "sat at solitary fires and heard the nations praising them far off," or else they died with scant praise, hardly recognition; wounded by indifference or too harsh criticism.

It seems a true poet can hardly lead a happy normal life, for the very powers and qualities that make him a poet expose him to suffering unusual in kind and degree. The eye keen for beauty must be more sensitive to offence from ugliness; the soul brooding on transcendent themes can hardly take a proper and necessary interest in rents, wardrobes and dietaries—the leaky roof may drip on him and his chop congeal in its juices while he stalks the vision: he is ill-fitted to stand the jar and press of domestic concerns. Lowell tells us "The nurse of full-grown souls is solitude." Is it not also the nurse of *growing* souls? This being assumed, how is the developing genius to command the isolation, the peace, necessary to his ends, if he be much involved in the complex machinery of practical life which exacts such heavy toll from most of us? Carlyle fought for it with a specially designed, double-walled room, only to be discomfited by a neighbouring rooster! MacDowell established a sequestered colony, with signal success proving a dire need.

Wordsworth used no casual terms when he spoke of "the whispers of the lonely Muse." No self-respecting Muse would vociferate, or attempt to overcome the street clamour, the idle chatter of prosaic folk: "that Grecian

front" is never shown in a crowd, but only to some single-hearted wooer in remotest privacy—a precious, a momentous tryst to the wooer, but underestimated as to its importance by the Philistine world, which observes no immediate or lucrative result from its mysterious intimacy.

In view of this recognized friction between the active career and the contemplative, the well-balanced, wholesome lives of such men as Schiller, Tennyson, Browning, Emerson, stand out with special lustre. We cannot deny to Browning's poetry—at least to his best work—the thrilling, the inexpressible quality; and yet what ditch-digger or dairy hand was ever more manly, more upright in business relations, more loyal to the various human ties? And he added to this a unique grace, that of not taking, or not appearing to take himself too seriously. That he did in reality put a supreme value on his elected life work, and enjoyed sanely his creditable performance, we are glad to be convinced. The humorous self-depreciation of his boyish letters to his literary father, Rev. J. N. Fox, is very refreshing. In one, soliciting a review of *Pauline*, he says, "Should it be found too insignificant for cutting up, I shall no less remain, dear Sir," etc. Engaged in writing *Paracelsus*, he suggests the possibility of his being "a fit compeer of the potter in Horace who anticipated an amphora and produced a porridge pot."

Another instance where noble accomplishment was accompanied by integrity of life was that of Schiller. One biographer says, "He was a pattern of the homely virtues . . . there was no dissonance between his life and his poetry." In the heated controversy which agitated the Fatherland as to which was the greater poet, Goethe or Schiller, Goethe's valiant defence of his rival was wont to conclude with the assertion, "*Er war ein prächtiger Mensch.*"

Possibly, in the number of creative artists, those who offend in some flagrant way, as Shelley offended—who have gone wrong, as we say, who have indulged in some form of excess, as did Poe, or some perversion of liberty, as did Byron—is really small; or that the misdemeanour is aggravated by comparison with the ideal beauty which it is

their chosen office to set forth. Still, with all allowance made, it appears the creative nature has a wild strain; it does not take kindly to the accepted forms, prohibitions, amenities. It is restive, headstrong, wayward, impatient of commonplace, regardless of proprieties. The exceptions, where the civil virtues co-exist with poetic insight and ability, are rare.

With these ample admissions it is only fair to reflect that other avocations breed deplorable characteristics, and demand peculiar exemptions. The preacher, teacher, student, inventor, historian all require like relief from excess of worldly demands, and are liable to certain weaknesses as are the poet, the musician, the artist. But the public accords indulgence and condones faults in these cases because of the more obvious utility of the product. Youth must be taught, the masses must be exhorted to righteousness, the researches of science must go on, the human record must be continued; but with the fine arts there is frank scepticism as to their indispensability to the welfare of mankind.

A discerning critic once said:

> "There is one lesson for which I am profoundly grateful, namely, that literature and art play a very small part in the lives of the majority of people. The defect of treating artistic ideals as matters of pre-eminent national, even of moral, importance, is a grave one. Artists and men of letters must be content to range themselves frankly with other craftsmen . . . they may help, a very little, to elevate the tone of morality and thought, to provide sources of recreation, to strengthen the sense of beauty; but they cannot hope to belong to the primal and elemental things of life. Not till the primal needs are satisfied does the work of the artist begin. After the banquet, the minstrel."

There is stuff here for fervid discussion. This candid ranking of our intellectual peers of the realm seems to fail in sentiment, and may perhaps place the critic and the banqueters more correctly than the bards. At any rate, it touches the latent pugnacity of those of us to whom the divers presentiments of beauty are as the breath of life.

Banquets may not be necessary nor indeed hygienic; but that food is, no one will be disposed to deny, especially if

you propound the inquiry a half-hour before dinner! Two things, moreover, are as essential to existence as food, and these are light and air. Now listen to one of our ablest American critics, himself not a poet. "Great poetry is as natural, as necessary to the life of man as air and light." "Books we must have, though we lack bread," declared Alice Wellington Rollins. It would be easy to multiply such testimonials. The captious will dismiss them as gross exaggeration, but this they are not to the liberal observer of life in its deepest meanings.

We have made out a case, then, against the poetic temperament. We acknowledge it to be often super-sensitive, unpractical, self-absorbed, erratic. We yield that Genius is a poor housemate.

What is to be said on the other side? What service do the poets render to offset these charges against them as difficult members of the body social. Truly their function is a precious, an indispensable one. It is the touching of things human "Till they rise and reach the spheres." It is the broadcasting a message "Of joy in widest commonalty spread." It is refining and interpreting the entire human experience; the placing of fresh and unwavering emphasis on old familiar things; the revelation of new beauty; the re-phrasing of age-old truth so that it becomes assimilable by a wider audience; it is furnishing vision to the blind and speech to the dumb; it is beguiling timid or stubborn feet along flowery ways to heights they never dreamed of achieving.

The pearl is deemed a sufficient trophy to excuse the diver's grotesque garb and his frequent disappearances into depths where we cannot follow. Our possession of the regal diamond necessitates the subterranean seclusion of some brother mortal and his state of sweat and grime; the brilliancy of the reward blinds us to the hardships attending its pursuit. But when the poets heap our laps with princely treasures we are censorious, mistrustful, inclined to haggle. We must learn to pay the price! The spiritual parsimony which deludes itself with the persistent ambition to secure something for nothing is doomed to eventual disillusion.

Barter is a process by no means confined to the commercial world. " How much will you give ? " comes as a solemn question when we would acquire mental as well as material possessions. If the poets, the musicians, give us spiritual treasures, we should not demand that they pile up the scale with all manner of urbanities and practical traits. Mundane conditions forbid all-round perfection. Originality in one direction is apt to crop out in another and to get itself called plain crankiness. The law of reaction is operative in the mental as well as in the physical realm. For the vision of his " hours of insight " are we willing to stand by our gifted, fallible, wayward minstrel through his " hours of gloom ? "

Our lives, our careers, our happiness, must be built frankly on a system of choices, compromises, exchanges, substitutions, tolerance.

While we can hardly hope to win the general public to such a regard for the poets and their offering as is accorded them by the devoted few, they will agree, surely, that the supreme product expected from this complicated enginery of life is character. Nothing is negligible which contributes to this end. Human character, of the right sort, is a crop which needs at least three things for its development ; ideals, inspiration, example. Now we ought not to have much trouble in getting the further admission that poetry is one of the great storehouses of ideals and inspiration. Give a youth Henley's *Invictus*, Sill's *Opportunity*, Wordsworth's *Happy Warrior*, and the fourth and eighth Psalms to ponder over and he is well started. There is no lack of other matter as stimulating to follow, with the high note of cheer and challenge so needed to-day.

When Victor Hugo was sent by Napoleon III to " expiate " certain " rash phrases and unjustifiable statements " in the Isle of Jersey, Mrs. Browning drafted an appeal to the Emperor, of which the following is part :

> " Ah, Sire, you are great enough ! you can allow for the peculiarities of the poetic temperament, for the temptations of high gifts, for the fever in which poets are apt to rage and suffer beyond the measure of other men. . . . Forgive this enemy . . .

make an exception of him as God made an exception when he gave him his genius."

There seems little to say after such an impassioned defence. The appeal was never sent, but had it been we can hardly imagine even a Napoleon steeling his heart against its noble eloquence.

A recapitulation of the services already enumerated, with added comment, may give us a better idea of the poet's contribution to the spiritual wealth of humanity. This contribution is in a large part unconscious ; the deeps rise, augmented by some celestial precipitation, and the fountains gush and spring into the sunshine unbeholden to any mechanical pump ; but this spontaneity by no means detracts from the worth of what the poet imparts.

We spoke of the poet's providing vision to the dull of sight. Henderson, in *Education and the Higher Life*, asserts that our senses are much less quick, keen, and accurate than they should be, this deficiency greatly limiting our possibilities of enjoyment. No doubt this is a just stricture. Wordsworth laments, " Little we see in Nature that is ours," and invites us,

> " Come forth and bring with you a heart
> That watches and receives."

To him " The harvest of the quiet eye " was the one valuable increase. To many good people inanimate nature is chiefly a stage setting for the absorbing social drama. Mountains are things to climb with a jolly party ; forests are convenient places for picnics ; the river suggests a regatta, the sea the latest mode in bathing suits and clam bakes ; the rolling uplands are suitable or unsuitable for golf or polo. Whereas the poet, the artist, teaches us a truer appraisal. Keats' view of the sea was of

> " Moving waters at their priestly task
> Of pure ablution round Earth's human shores."

We look at flowers and catch ourselves exclaiming, " How lovely they'd be on a hat ! " We gather them feverishly, more than we can use, despoiling the fields to garnish our rooms for crowds too often indifferent to their pathetic beauty, while Emerson admonishes, " Love thou the

the rose, and leave it on its stalk." To feel and to make us feel this " fresh, new, and intimate sense of natural scenes " is surely a priceless part of the poet's or artist's office.

But to act as spokesman, to voice our dumb thoughts, aspirations, emotions, is even a higher task. There seems to be plenty of talk, the silent person is a nine days' wonder and does not fit into the modern scheme. You can hear an afternoon reception a block away, and one can imagine included in the daily petitions of the diner-out the impulsive entreaty, " and *please*, Lord, give us small talk ! "

This sort of fluency we can manage for ourselves. But there is a mighty volume of emotion heaving, ebbing, surging from heart to heart throughout humanity ; it is the real life, compared to which the daily operations of dressing, eating, working, are a pitiful farce. And yet how much of this larger existence is mute, or would be were it not for the poets and musicians ! When Schumann, desperate, questioning, rebellious at his treatment by the father of his beloved, wrote *Warum ?* (or played it *extempore*, I forget which), a wave of this unplumbed sea of emotion lifted for a moment into the sunlight. It was the expression not alone of his own passing mood, but of like moods in all men—a cosmic mould for human passion.

Everything is grist for the poet's mill. He is the great economist though he is not popularly so estimated. The entire human experience, observation of nature, scraps of scientific lore, accretions from other, often hostile, phases of activity—he absorbs all as the bee assimilates nectar ; and he gives it back sometime, somewhere, metamorphosed according to the gift that is in him, the true honey of the mind. He interprets not only the individual, but epochs. " In its most characteristic singers each age finds itself searched to the very bottom of its consciousness." " Every great poem is in reality an epitome of the age in which it was written." The poet is a candle-flame, answering every least movement in the spiritual ether. He is a seismograph, recording tremors unfelt by those not so delicately adjusted.

Finally, we have referred to creative artists as virtually feet to the lame, beguiling timid, stumbling, indolent way-

farers along gentle grades to unanticipated heights and ampler prospects. Many who read no philosophy, who avoid the conventional dispensaries of religion and morals, receive the luminous essence of these things quite simply and hospitably in some wise stanza of the bards.

If, then, the creative soul is the wanderer, the prodigal, the transgressor, the iconoclast, possibly the crank—is he not also the priest, the teacher, the seer, the consoler, the mouthpiece? And, last of all, let us give him that inspired title, "God's Exception."

JULIA BOYNTON GREEN.

FOREBODING

BLEAK Winter creeps
Into the ice-bound cavern where she sleeps,

And wind-tormented Earth,
Travails with bitter pangs and brings to birth

That elfin thing,
Of tears and laughter mingled, rain-kissed Spring.

The willow tree
Now decks herself in tasselled finery,

And all around,
The woodland lilies star the sodden ground.

Yet I, afraid,
Would have the festival of Spring delayed,

For I have seen
A withered branch amid the hawthorn's green;

And yonder cloud,
That stains the moon-flushed east, is like a shroud.

Faint as a sigh,
I hear the willow warbler's plaintive cry.

He woos his mate,
With love-notes brooding and disconsolate.

My questioning eyes,
Gaze on your shadowed face with passionate surmise,

For, sorrow-wise, I know,
All things beloved and beautiful must go—

That ere this year
Comes to fulfilment, you will not be here.

Therefore I fain would stay
The eager footsteps of each lengthening day,

And hands that race,
With tireless speed, around the dial's face.

ELSA BRABANT PARKER.

THE FOREFATHERS

(*Lines written near a garden gate, which opens into the village churchyard*)

SIMPLICITY and quiet ruled these hearts
And Joy, the rebel, set their world aflame
When maiden wedded or a boy babe came.

But in the long straight furrows they were free :
Masters of harvest till the trembling hand
Of three-score-ten could no more till the land ;

And then they chose a patch of kindlier earth,
Weeded its sternness on rheumatic knees
For tall Madonna lilies, low heartsease,

Till death came softly like the harvest moon
And no fears bayed to warn them of that Night
Which has no joys as dear as earth's starlight.

Now children seeking violets softly spell
Quaint names of men who set, ere they were born,
This unpruned rose and hedge of steadfast thorn.

A. D. L. WILSON.

"MANY WATERS CANNOT QUENCH . . ."

I WATCHED you with a saddened eye ;
I saw you fall ; I heard your cry ;
And, yet, could nothing do to save.
Now, stretched within your lonely grave,
Deep digged by your own hands, you lie,
A shattered, crumbling memory.

There was a distant time when I,
Believing in your constancy,
Would, to the utmost of my power,
Have buttressed up the lofty tower
Of your ambition, so that we
Had made one piece of masonry.

Contented then would I have been
To see you rise, to feel you lean
Your weight on me ; to take the thrust,
That you, escaping from the dust
And strife, might, pinnacled on high,
Have found in love, life's alchemy.

Then, with uplifted eye, might you
Have seen beyond the star-strewn blue,
Have passed behind the pillared cloud,
The beat of angel's wings have heard,
And, standing face to face with God,
His purposes have understood.

To you, in simple faith, did I
Love's golden-clouded mystery
Unfold ; and, placing in your care
My all, was proud with you to share
My inmost self, that you might be
Enrobed in love's true majesty.

I claimed not to control your right
To rule the day ; my lesser light,
Softening but your reflected ray,

With no hard thought of rivalry,
Revealed the glories of the night
That both in one should be complete.

But, casting on the ground your eyes,
You read no message in the skies ;
Unheeded rolled the watchful stars,
While angel-voices in your ears
Awakened no responsive chord,
And lift your silent breast unstirred.

Earth-drawn, as by magnetic force,
Down from the orbit of your course,
You fell ; betrayed the sacred trust
Reposed in you ; usurping lust
Enthroned, and made of love a pyre
Of sacrifice to base desire.

Thus perished all that might have been ;
Thus came the flaming sword between
The portals of that guarded bower,
Where twilight wooed the sunset hour,
And lingered, till the stars' soft light
Outlined the gently-coming night.

How empty proved that aching void !
When broken love, with soul destroyed,
Turned, terror-stricken, to behold
A lost and sin-infected world ;
And saw, amid the lush, rank grass,
The loathsome, bestial serpent pass.

Chill was the dawn those wintered days,
And hot the sun's fierce-beating rays ;
While coldly-gazing, angered stars,
Marshalling under blood-stained Mars,
Demanded vengeance from above
On the dark deed that murdered love.

Thus passed the dust-choked, stony years,
Unsoftened by repentant tears;
Till the recording angel said,
"The page is full; the lease has sped;
Further renewed it may not be;
Closed is its sum of misery."

Forthwith, a spirit, light on wing,
A message bore the sable king;
And Clotho checked the flying wheel,
Lachesis coiled the part-run reel,
While Atropos, with stern, bent head,
Severed the drawn and half-frayed thread.

Beside your palsied bed I stood,
And watched the dark, receding blood
Ebb from your lips and pallid cheek,
While the thronged words you strove to speak,
Fast crowding on your stumbling breath,
Made riot in the ear of death.

Then was it that that bitter cry—
That wild unanswerable "Why?"—
Rending in twain with anguished force
The bursting dam of pent remorse,
Uprose, as from a soul outcast,
And, with that cry, your spirit passed.

Whither it winged its stricken flight,
Ask the terror which flies by night,
Or, question fallen Lucifer,
Once early morn's bright guiding-star,
Till he, rebellious, proudly strove
To seize the throne, and conquer Love.

Swift must have been your rapid flight,
More swift than swiftest travelling light,
For, ere the dawn broke, cold and grey,
And whiter made your stiffening clay,

I heard your voice, distinct and clear,
These burning words pour in mine ear;

" In hell my voice is lifted up,
And I have drained the bitter cup
I brewed on earth: that deadly wine
' The ruby grape of Proserpine '
Distills, with which to blind men's eyes
To unveiled sin's iniquities.

" As the crushed worm, beneath the soil,
In vain, attempts its mangled coil
To draw, I, broken on the wheel,
Lashed to my Damien's [1] bed of steel
Parched, helpless, and contorted lie
Writhing in hopeless agony.

" Upon my head, Luke's iron crown
Chars its slow course in to the bone.
My blackening hand, his sceptre holds,
While, through the curtained smoke, unfolds
A vista of unending shame,
Which, even to thee, I dare not name.

" But think not that I now resent
The justice of my punishment.
As the tree falls, so will it lie;
As life is lived, thus life must die;
If heaven award the martyr's crown,
Hell fits each shackle to her own.

" For, even in hell, there are degrees
Of less and greater miseries;
Here, each condemned, a separate cell
Is prisoned in—a hell in hell—
Where, chained to its most grievous sin,
Hell without, bounds a worse within.

[1] " Luke's iron crown, and Damien's bed of steel. "—GOLDSMITH.

" Thus, of the tortures I must bear,
Of all the sufferings I endure,
In this foul, sin-swept charnel-house,
The sharpest pang is that remorse
Which knows that naught can now undo,
Or right the wrong, I did to you.

" One solace comes, one which alone,
Does for my woes to me atone ;
The thought that, while I, sunk in hell,
Gasp out this last, this drear farewell,
Thy white-souled spirit ne'er can be
Spotted by my iniquity."

* * *

As ceased the voice, from that cold brow
Passed the graved lines, as tracks by snow
Are smoothed. Gazing, I understood
Why once, that face I had worshipped,
And, kneeling there, beside my dead,
Those burning words, I answered ;

" As in the furnace gold is tried,
The soul, through pain, from sin is freed.
Uplift thine eyes ; the meaning see
In that lone cross on Calvary,
And thy lost soul, redeemed, shall prove
The triumph of Eternal Love."

G. W. Eustace

A recent discussion on the readableness of Browning reminds the Editor of the naïve admission to him of the late Duke of Argyll on the occasion of the Browning Centenary. The Duke, who was a considerable poet and literary man, said, " I only met Mr. Browning once and then I told him how much I admired *The Ride of the Three from Aix to Ghent* and frankly confessed it was the only thing he had written that I had read. He did not advise me to read any more and I never have."

MODERN GREEK POETRY—VII

ZALOCOSTAS.—KARASOUTSAS.—TANTALIDES. —VIZYENOS.—KRYSTALLIS.

WE shall deal now with a class of poets separated from the rest not so much in that their works constitute a special school but because their lives have an important feature in common. All were born outside the limits of the little free kingdom ; they belong, therefore, to that very Greece whose entire elimination from the political map we all hope to see effected to-day ; I mean Greece Unredeemed, whose mere remembrance had banished smile from nation's lips. May that distinction still made of the Greeks as divided between two classes, the free and the enslaved, come to an end ! It is a fact, however, that for a period of a whole century Greek politics and nearly all our poetry have been inbued by that painful feeling, coupled as it was with a persistent and remote hope.

These poets were Epirotes, Thracians, and Ions, that is to say, they were natives of those three territories which before the national war for independence had been larger centres of Greek learning than little Athens. Even as far back as the end of the eighteenth century Epirus had schools and printing offices of its own, Thrace constituted the very heart of the race, and Ionia, with its capital, Smyrna, its commercial power. But destiny willed that the revolution should be localized chiefly within the Peloponnesus and the other islands, as the Greek navy had proved invincible but land forces were scanty. So it came about that Epirus, where we saw Villaras, and Macedonia, which gave birth to Christopoulos, and Thrace with all its Greek aristocracy, and Ionia, where Adamantius Coray was born, were left to the tender mercies of the Turk. The cleverest of the population took, of course, refuge in this free corner. But this emigration did much to intensify the depopulation of the enthralled countries. Athens gave the refugee poets what it could afford—a few wreaths of laurels, but at the cost of what toil and privations !

I

GEORGIOS ZALOCOSTAS belongs to the time of the revolution and that of King Otto. He was born in the days of Ali Pasha in 1805, in the village of Syrrako in Epirus. When that tyrant had seized his father's property the whole family was forced to flee and established itself in Leghorn. There George, who was then nine years of age, took up painting. After the outbreak of the revolution the family came to Pyrgos, where in one day the poor son had to pay the last duties to his parents. Then, being hardly seventeen years of age, he joined the forces of his great compatriot, Marcos Botzaris. He was lucky enough afterwards to be one of the "Free Besieged" at Missolonghi, of which he subsequently became the poetical chronicler. He was also one of the very few who survived the famous "Exodus" (sortie).

After the liberation of Greece he was appointed to an insignificant post. But he lost it when, after the constitutional character of 1843, the "Non-Indigenous Residents' Law" was exacted. He then wrote *Αἱ σκιαὶ τοῦ Φαλήρου* ("Shadows of Phalerum"), a poem published in the place of a newspaper article. But as a poet he became known in 1851, when his poem *Μεσολόγγιον* ("Missolonghi") was awarded the prize at the poetical competition instituted by Ambrose Rallis, and he received the garland from the hands of King Otto. In 1854 he took part in the competition with his *Ὧραι Σχολῆς* ("Hours of Idleness") which was awarded the first mention without the prize. He remained in the army as an officer and had much trouble and distress owing to his poverty and the death of his children. In 1854 he protested against the foreign occupation of the Piræus by writing his *Χριστομάχοι τῆς Δύσεως* ("Western Fighters against Christ"). He died on September 3rd, 1858. Next year (1859) his widow published his complete works in order to provide a living for her orphans.

This volume of over five hundred pages reflects all the prosaism, particular not to Zalacostas but rather to his

time. It is characteristic that his *Missolonghi*, which took the prize, began with the line:

Εἰς ἄμουσον ἀείποτε διάγων ἀσχολίαν,
Τοῦ βίου καίτοι διαβὰς τὴν μέσην ἡλικίαν,
ἀγωνιστὴς προβάλλω

(Although practising an unliterary and unrefined occupation and having passed the middle-age I step forth a competitor.)

The second line betrays a memory of the first line of Dante. Zalocostas knew what amount of Italian he managed to learn from a boy in Leghorn, and, naturally, the Greek then written in the press, which was archaic in form though not always correct. When, in 1850, the poetical competition instituted by Ambrose Rallis was proclaimed, he says, "the sacred name of Missolonghi reached in his mind." But where could he find models for a long heroic epic bearing on that sublime topic which proved to be even for Solomos too heavy? His models were only the two Soutzoi brothers. But those Phanariote poets, when undertaking to write something, were always capable of recollecting something connected with the subject, of reading it over again and then setting to work. Now, Zalocostas kept a recollection of Dante, of Tasso—poems only too lengthy—of a few Homeric words and he also had ringing in his ears the copious patriotic articles of the newspapers of those days. With these resources he wrote *Missolonghi*, *Kleissova*, and the *Last Night*. What he could contribute of his own was a good versification and rhyme; both these things are blameless, indeed. His archaic Greek is a blend. Perhaps in the way of a sacrifice to rhyme, *πεῖνα* (hunger) is spelt by him *πείνη*; but it is more probable that the poet deemed this form of the word more correct.

His *Δάκρυα* ("Tears") is a description of the cholera epidemic in 1854, written in hexameters which make us smile to-day. Roïdes scolded him for this quatrain of his *Χάνι τῆς Γραβιᾶς*:

Καὶ ἰδού οἱ σαπφείρινοι κάμποι
ἀπὸ ἄστρα γεμίζουν λαμπρὰ

κ' ἐν τῷ μέσῳ αὐτῶν ἀργυρᾶ
ἡ Πανσέληνος λάμπει

(And lo! the azure depths are filled with bright stars and in midst of them the full moon is shining.)

Had Zalocosta read Sappho he would not have committed the error. He also wrote of "tongues of smoke" (*γλῶσσαι καπνοῦ*), whereupon his inexorable critic said that it is true that he saw very often "tongues of fire," but "tongues of smoke" never; only he knew of "smoked (kippered) soles." Yet Zalocosta came from Epirus, where—especially at those times—every shepherd was a poet.

In 1854 he sent in to the competition two of his best poems, *Πέρδικα* ("Partridge") and *Ποιητής* ("The Poet") and, according to his "observation," these poems received the first mention (*τὰ πρωτεῖα*), although they were not awarded the prize. And they were not prized—that is to say, the money was not awarded to the poor poet—because they were composed in the most poetical of all the Greek dialects, the Epirote dialect. The judges of those days were anxious to win the sympathies of the foreign philhellenes and sought after archaistic Greek only.

But this Epirote becomes highly sympathetic when he is weeping for his children. He lost seven in all. In 1848, on the death of Christos, he wrote the well-known poem, *Ὁ βοριᾶς ποῦ τἀρνάκια παγώνει* ("The north wind that makes the lambs chilly"), in which he depicts the mother's agony during the last visit of the doctor. Beautiful is, also, the poem *Ἡ Χαροκαμένη* ("The Death-afflicted woman") in which he tries to console his wife. Still more moving is his third elegy entitled *Εἰς τὴν ἀποδημοῦσαν ψυχήν του* ("To his departing soul") wherein he shows his parental affection extending—according to the Greek perceptions—even beyond the grave. Well known is also his last poem which he addresses to the "Moon," enquiring about "his deceased angel" and fancying the moonlight as a mystery poured down from his son's soul.

Two or three good poems are quite enough to perpetuate a poet's name even in a rich literature. The above-named

pieces will keep the name of Zalocostas in the Greek Anthology, and the future historian of the heroic era of modern Greek poetry and society will have sometimes to cast a glance on his complete works.

II

John Karatsoutsas was born in Smyrna in the year 1824, but very early he came to Syra, where he went to school; he then went to Athens, where he corrected his name into Karasoutsas and afterwards to Karasousas. It seems, however, that his lot in life did not improve in any other respect, and the poor poet committed suicide in 1873, before reaching his fiftieth year.

An admirer of Panayotis Soutsos and Alexander Rangabé, he began to write verses from 1843, and in 1846 he published his collection, *Ἑωθιναὶ Μελῳδίαι* ("Morning Melodies"), and his *Βάρβιτος* ("Barbiton") in 1866. A good many poems of the latter collection have been the object of admiration by the partisans of the puristic language. For my part, I like the nostalgic poem of the Smyrniote, *Εἰς τὴν Ἰωνίαν* ("To Ionia") best.

III

We now come to Thracian poets.

Elias Tantalides saw the light of day at Constantinople in 1818 and lost it in 1845, when he suddenly became blind. But already in 1839, while he studied in Smyrna, he published there a collection of various poems called *Παίγνια* ("Light Poems") by which he continued Christopoulos' poetry and the satires of Soutsos. The volume contains (besides a translation of the first rhapsody of the *Iliad*, dedicated to Rangabé) poems, *Ἐρωτικὰ* ("Erotic"), *Βακχικὰ* ("Bacchic"), and *Γελοῖα* ("Humorous"), which are the best, because they ridicule some characters of the Greek population of Constantinople. "*Ὁ Ποιητὴς* ("The Poet") is a caricature of the versifiers; *Ἡ Κεράτσα* depicts that feminine trait, so typical of Phanariotic society, which was the remnant and at the same time a parody of

what was known before the Revolution of 1821, as the " diplomatic ladies " of Phanari. Another poem, *Ἡ Γρηὰ* (" The Old Woman ") is a picture, full of life; the last one, *Ὁ παρᾶς μου* (" My Money ") became proverbial.

But afterwards Tantalides came to Athens and studied philology in the University; he made the acquaintance of the learned professor Constantine Oeconomos and became himself a good Hellenist and theologian. Since then the scholar obscured the poet. After returning to Constantinople, he taught for thirty years (1846-76) at the theological school in that charming island of Chalke, in spite of his blindness; there he was led up to the pine-covered hill of the Hagia Trias and dictated poems, addressed to friends, living or dead, and hymns " to some sacred festivals "; all these he published at Trieste in 1860 under the title *Ἰδιωτικὰ στιχουργήματα* (" Private Verses "). Quite characteristic of Tantalides is that some of these poems are written in ancient language and prosody (the book is dedicated *Σμαράγδᾳ Βαλατζῇ* (with six sapphic stanzas), some in ancient language and modern metres, and some in modern language and modern metres, which he styled *Χυδαϊκὰ* (" Vulgar Verses "). The puristic poems—most of them epigrams to the dead—are skilful but very cold. But the *Last Hymn to May*, in which the blind poet expresses his pain, teems with truth.

His ecclesiastical odes were sung for half a century in the Greek Schools of Constantinople and had deeply impressed the pupils of both sexes, because the poet was also a musician, who took up researches into the dark problem of Byzantine music. It was not to be wondered at, therefore, that Tantalides was an object of admiration in Constantinople.

IV

Georgios Vizyenos, another type of distressed Greek, was a disciple of Tantalides.

Μικρὸ μικρὸ μ' ὡρφάνεψε ἡ ἀλύπητη μου μοῖρα
Μικρὸ μικρὸ τῆς ξενιτειᾶς τὸ μονοπάτι πῆρα

Μὲ χείλη πικραμένα.

(My relentless destiny made me an orphan from a little boy; and in my tender boyhood I had to take, with a sad heart, the path to expatriation.)

He was born in 1849 at the Thracian village, Vizo, formerly called Vizyé, and he afterwards took the surname of Vizyenos. As a little boy he received that elementary instruction, which was given at the time by the priests, and he became a church-chanter. When only ten years old he was sent to Constantinople, to his uncle's little tailoring establishment, to be apprenticed to that trade. But his uncle died and a patron sent him to Nicosia in Cyprus, to be a chanter in the Cathedral. A love affair was the cause of his being put "on bread and water" and sent back to Constantinople. There another compassionate person put him in the theological school at Chalki, where Tantalides was a professor. In imitation of his master he wrote his *First Poems* and fortune smiled on him. A rich banker, Zarifis, then sent him with a scholarship to Athens. Vizyenos submitted an epos, *Kodrus*, in 1874 to the Voutsinaios competition and it took the first prize. Zarifis was delighted at his protégé's success and sent him to complete his studies at Göttingen and Dresden. Thence he submitted another poem to the competition of 1876, which was also awarded the first prize. His poem bore the title *Ἄρες, μάρες, κουκουνάρες*, but when it had been given the prize he changed its vulgar head-dress to an old-time hat and the collection was re-named *Βοσπορίδες αὖραι* ("Bosporian Breezes"). Eight years afterwards, in 1884, the poet published in London another collection, the *Ἀθῖδες Αὖραι* ("Attic Breezes"). Next year (1885), Vizyenos, already middle-aged, came back to Athens and tried to obtain a good position. Being a doctor of philosophy he published two psychological treaties and was appointed professor in one of the Athens gymnasia (colleges). But after a while he was dismissed. He now began to dream of working mines and he tried to get his living as a contributor to the *Hestia*. He wrote stories and a fine essay *On the Ballad* with

fine translations. At last he was appointed a professor of dramatology at the Music School (Ὠδεῖον). There he fell in love with a pretty, fair-haired schoolgirl, and one night he went to a doctor—who afterwards became his biographer—" crowned with anemones, wild lilies and a few daisies," and scattered rose leaves, saying that he was waiting for his fiancée. He had gone mad. In March, 1892, he was put in the Dromokaïtis lunatic asylum, where he still continued to think of mines and his beautiful fair-haired girl, and, what was still more curious, he still continued writing verses describing his psychopathy :

Σὰν μ' ἁρπάχτηκε ἡ χαρὰ
Ποῦ χαιρόμουν μιὰ φορὰ,
Ἔτσι σὲ μιὰν ὥρα
Μὲς σ' αὐτὴν τὴ χώρα
Ὅλ' ἀλλάξαν τώρα.
Κιἀπὸ τότε ποῦ θρηνῶ
Τὸ ζανθὸ καὶ γαλανὸ
Καὶ οὐράνιο φῶς μου,
Μετεβλήθη ἐντός μου
Κιὁ ῥυθμὸς τοῦ κόσμου.

(The joy I indulged in once has been snatched away from me and everything in this place has changed altogether ; and since the time I began to mourn for my fair and blue and celestial light, the very order of the world has changed within me.)

Four years afterwards, on April 16th, 1896, the mad poet and story-teller, who had so much in common with the French Guy de Maupassant, passed away.

Vizyenos had inherited from Tantalides the example for spiritless diction moulded on classical models and he wrote *Kodrus* on these lines ; but, fortunately, he also acquired a love for actuality and things living, and so he wrote many a verse animated with feeling and real life. But his great intellectual progress was made in Germany, where with the other subjects in literature he also studied philosophy in art. From Uhland and von Wieland he was taught the beauties of the ballad. Vizyenos was not an extempore imitator,

after the example of Panayotis Soutsos. He learned the art and, as he told a young Greek poet, "he was cooking poetry for Greek appetites." In this sense the *Sheĭtan Aquintissé* and the *Νεράϊδες* ("Fairies") are real Greek ballads. Unfortunately they are written carelessly. Vizyenos paid attention rather to the *ensemble* and cared less for the detail of each verse; he also slipped in discordant words. But if we overlook these slight mistakes we see that Vizyenos could work out safely the brightest themes, as well as the most tragical. A bright specimen is *τὸ Μαριὼ* ("Little Mary") and a tragic one, *Ἡ ἐπαῖτις τῆς Βιζύης* ("The Beggar-woman of Vizye"). In portraying old women Vizyenos is a real master. His mother's features left an indelible impression on his heart. He immortalized her in a story *Τὸ ἁμάρτημα τῆς Μητρός μου* ("My Mother's Sin")—which is so tragic and so Greek in nature as to be inferior to none of its kind in the works of the Russian novelists. He also framed on a Greek mould the legend of the last Palæologue and *Santa Sophia*, which on being translated into English by Mrs. Edmonds won the praise of Oscar Wilde in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of May, 1885. Quite Greek in inspiration are his first pictures of storms and clouds. On taking into consideration that he wrote all these things between 1874-1884, one will wonder how slightly was he affected by pseudo-romanticism. But, unfortunately for the poet, after Zarifi's death he found no other supporter and, what was worse, he remained out of employment. Had Greece been then happier, and had there been a public willing to buy verses, Vizyenos would perhaps have seen no visions of mines and would not have died a lunatic.

V

The youngest of these poets, Costas Krystallis, was the most unhappy and, it might be said, the most poetic of all. He died two years earlier than Vizyenos, in April, 1894, but he was then only twenty-six years of age, as he was born in 1868 in Zalocosta's own native village, Syrraco of Epirus.

His father was a wealthy merchant, but he lost everything, when Janina was left outside the limits of free Greece. Krystallis, then a little orphan boy, attended school at Janina, and he wrote an epic entitled *Αἱ Σκιαὶ τοῦ Ἅδου* (" The Shadows of Hades ")—evidently in imitation of Valaoritis—wherein he is represented as seeing the ghost of his mother. One of his notes recorded in one of his subsequent works gives us in plain language the history of the former : " An epic, published in 1886, and seized by the Ottoman Government as the result of treachery committed by [foreign] propaganda in Epirus in 1888."

The book was seized and its poet has to take refuge at Athens, seeking for a small nest and for something to eat. In his despair he decided to enter a printing office. As a compositor he lived two years at thirty drachmas a month. Afterwards he succeeded in finding another post in a railway. But during an absence of the Director, who was his compatriot, " the Council found him unprotected and turned him out." A few months later he became consumptive. Certain friends sent him to Corfu in 1893. A short while afterwards, homesick, he went to Arta, where he died and was buried in his beloved earth of Epirus.

But even after death he continued to be unlucky. As Mr. Palamas says, " Within the cemetery at Arta there remains no trace of the earth that received him "—the poor minstrel who took up Valaoritis's motto, " My heart will for ever beat for Epirus."

Krystallis's poetical work is so characteristic that it is betrayed at once, not only by the matter itself, but also by its form. With the exception of his short *Reminiscences*, written in the puristic idiom and covering only three pages, all his other work is written in the most beautiful, popular Greek ever used up to now. If there is in Greece a classical poetic language, it belongs to Krystallis. While other versifiers in the popular idiom and still worse prose-writers appear as unskilled novices in wearing the popular brogue and look as if they are all the time afraid of making a false step, Krystallis has a gait free, brisk, and harmonious. On reading Krystallis one can really enjoy both diction and

rhythm. What ease in composition of pretty epithets! While half of the words created by the *dilettanti* of the popular language have given rise to parodies, every new word of Krystallis is so Greek in its soul, that it deserves to be placed side by side with the epithets coined by Pindar or Bacchylides of old. He was endowed by his country with this natural gift. The perfection of his verse also was a natural talent, which he however multiplied. Zalocostas, too, was a skilful versifier, and he had always at hand a perfect rhyme. But Krystallis gave such an ease and such a symmetry to his verse that not only the reader's ear but also his eye is fully satisfied.

This form of his verse harmonizes with the master. With the fresh and vivid speech of his village he depicts its life. His λυγερὲς (slender-waisted girls) are peasant girls of real life; his shepherds are also real beings, and his pipe plays highland airs. So, when he says Ἤθελα νἄμουν τσέλιγγας (I wish I were a shepherd), one can only see that the poet, so terribly tormented by printing offices, who liked to hold a shepherd's crook in his hand and who had in the hovel he was sleeping in at Athens an iron pipe, really wished that he were a shepherd.

Even those words of his we do not understand well—by reason of our being unacquainted with the things themselves—are enough to satisfy us that he had a fair knowledge of them. His song on *Reaping* and that on *Harvest*, *The Easter Dance*, *The Wedding*, are marvellous. Quite exceptional is the way in which the Epirote poets, Zalocostas, Valaoritis and Krystallis, describe the phenomena of daybreak, of evening and night, in the course of which one thinks that he sees the mountains of Epirus change—as Solomos used to say—a thousand colours, ὁποῦ δὲν ἔχουν ὄνομα κ' ἔχουν περίσσια κάλλη (that have no name, but abound in beauty).

In his pictures Krystallis did in poetry what Papadiamantis attained in story-writing. If he lacks Papadiamantis's insight, he abounds in a fine transparency and lucidity.

But Krystallis wanted to interweave with the real life of his countrymen their traditions and also their superstitions.

He tried not only to copy from life the peasant girls of his own country, but also to create fantastic scenes and make fairies, elves, lamias, witches appear before us. All these things are well and good only as simple visions. But just here is his weak point. His construction is no more solid than a fairy-tale. For instance, I fear that the *Νεραϊδόπαιδο* (" Fairychild ") is an anæmic existence. The weaving *Τραγουδίστρα* (" Songstress ") who holds up the sun, this work in which the king falls at the fair girl's feet and makes a promise to her : *τοῦ παλατιοῦ βασίλισσα, κυρά μου, νὰ σὲ κάμω* (to make her a queen of the palace), and the other one entitled *Ἡ ποδιὰ τῆς Μαριῶς* (" Mary's Apron ") which is seized by a bearded vulture and found by a king, who is afterwards searching for Marie to make her a queen, seem to be texts rather for little children. Not that they are in such a degree improbable, but because they are meaningless. But Krystallis is so fond of his country's fairy-tales that even passing ghosts throw him into rapture. We have no right to complain of this. But if he had time enough to study, if, instead of the printing office, he had managed to have recourse to a library, I think that the plasticity of his creations would have been by far greater and in more faithful conformity with the ancient models he loved so much. Krystallis had managed to obtain a translation of Theocritus. And it is only evident that the poet of the sheepfold was acquainted with the ancient pastoral poets. But while from every idyl of Theocritus—and this is the difference marked by great masters—there remains a separate and individually characteristic picture, the impression created from such idyls of Krystallis is uniform and faint, like the dubious light of the early dawn.

Krystallis's soul was not in time to see the light, he was thirsting after. The poor, orphan poet was longing for education and liberty. In his *Καλόγηρος τῆς Κλεισούρας τοῦ Μεσολογγίου* (" The Monk of the Defile of Messolonghi " which he wrote in Athens when only twenty years of age, he was dreaming of " a second '21 " (war of liberation). What else could that little martyr of a grand idea dream of ? That was the dream common not only to the poets of

enslaved Greece but also to those of liberated Greece. The " second '21 " has come. When the two Greeces are reunited, let a general memorial service be held in the Cathedral, which enshrines the nation's ideals, for all those poetic souls, " redeemed and unredeemed."

SIMOS MENARDOS.

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A Calendar of Anniversaries

The following list of dates chiefly associated with poets is published for the convenience of centres and members who wish to arrange commemorative meetings and readings. Readers are invited to assist in compiling similar lists for other months. Partial or complete monthly lists and occasional names and dates suitable for inclusion would be welcomed.

July	August
1. George Sand, b. 1804.	1. F. H. Doyle, b. 1810.
2. Rousseau, d. 1778.	2. William Watson, b. 1858.
3. Grattan, b. 1750.	3. Eugene Sue, d. 1857.
4. Charles T. Turner, b. 1808.	4. Shelley, b. 1792.
5. Hawthorne, b. 1804.	5. W. E. Aytoun, d. 1865.
6. John Flaxman, b. 1755.	6. Ld. Tennyson, b. 1809.
7. Sheridan, d. 1816.	7. Alfred Hayes, b. 1857.
8. Shelley, d. 1822.	8. Izaak Walton, b. 1593.
9. Burke, d. 1797.	9. Sir S. Ferguson, d. 1896.
10. Capt. Marryat, b. 1792.	10. Laurence Binyon, b. 1869.
11. W. E. Henley, d. 1903.	11. Ld. Houghton, d. 1885.
11. Erasmus, d. 1536.	12. Southey, b. 1774.
13. Rev. J. Lingard, d. 1851.	13. Jeremy Taylor, d. 1667.
14. Lockhart, b. 1794.	14. Henry Francis Cary, d. 1844.
15. W. M. Praed, d. 1839.	15. Sir Walter Scott, b. 1771.
16. Béranger, d. 1857.	16. Andrew Marvell, d. 1678.
17. Martin Tupper, b. 1810.	17. Isaac Taylor, b. 1787.
18. Jane Austen, d. 1817.	18. Balzac, d. 1850.
19. Dean Stanley, d. 1881.	19. Béranger, b. 1780.
20. Jean Ingelow, d. 1897.	20. Sedley, d. 1701.
21. Burns, d. 1796.	21. Henry Kirke White, b. 1785.
22. Emma Lazarus, b. 1849.	22. Sidney Dobell, d. 1874.
23. Coventry Patmore, b. 1823.	23. Emily Brontë, b. 1818.
24. John Newton, b. 1725.	24. Adam Lindsay Gordon, d. 1870
25. Coleridge, d. 1834.	25. Chatterton, d. 1770.
26. G. B. Shaw, b. 1856.	26. James Thomson, d. 1748.
27. Thomas Campbell, b. 1777.	27. Roden Noel, b. 1834.
28. Abraham Cowley, d. 1667.	28. Leigh Hunt, d. 1859.
29. Mortimer Collins, b. 1827.	29. O. W. Holmes, b. 1809.
30. Gray, d. 1771.	30. Paley, b. 1743.
31. Richard Savage, d. 1743.	31. Lever, b. 1809.

IN THIS OUR DAY

IN this our day, when beautiful leisure has been banished, it is refreshing to find that a very long poem has been written and read, or bought (which latter does not, however, prove the former), to the number of 50,000. There is, also, an element of surprise in this, for our cousins, the Americans, who stand as a symbol of speed in all things, and have exemplified for us the meaning of " hustle " ;—from them comes this poem and the sale of it has been in that country. The New York *Bookman* says of it, that it " is the equal at least of any great narrative poem in the English language " ; this verdict causes us to pause—more especially at the words " at least." Does a furious rapidity in business and in pleasure carry with it a certain rapidity in language that results in exaggeration ?

We, in a land that gave birth to an older race of poets, remember how Malory, in poetic prose, and Tennyson, and Matthew Arnold, also wrote on the same subject that Edwin Arlington Robinson has chosen, namely " Tristram." It is now published in England by Victor Gollancz Ltd., and this firm announce that " every volume of verse bearing the imprint of Victor Gollancz, Ltd., is worthy of serious consideration." After these high commendations what remains to be said, but to cry " Hail, Cæsar ! " " At least the equal of any narrative poem in the English language ! " Look at the dim ghosts that gather at that vaunt—Rossetti, Byron, Scott, Shelley (in the *Cenci*), Tennyson, and Browning, to say no word of Chaucer and Milton. The pity of such a boast is that we cannot take the poem at its own value, simply and without looking back : but, in that attempt, let us see what Edwin Arlington Robinson has to say. First let us concede that he has drawn a tender picture of Isolt of Brittany ; to the modern maiden she will seem hopelessly impossible, but that is not in her despite. The last picture of her

> " Alone, with her white face and her grey eyes,
> . . . And there was nothing alive but white birds flying,
> Flying, and always flying, and still flying.
> And the white sunlight flashing on the sea."

is poetic. Also, the picture of King Mark at the death of

the lovers by the hand of Andred, has a foreboding in it as in a dream, "Move as he might, Silence was all he found."

It is, however, inevitable that comparisons occur when a subject has been often treated. To take one only—Tennyson makes Tristram say to Isolt, " God be with you, sweet, when you are old and grey and past desire. A saying which angered her." (A not unnatural anger, either!) and Matthew Arnold has his Iseult saying, " I, like thee, have left my youth afar. Take my hand, and touch these wasted fingers." Edwin Arlington Robinson, with American directness of speech, let his Isolt cry, " You'll only say that If I lost my ears and had no hair, And I had whelks and moles all over my face Your love would be the same as it is now.—So let's believe, and leave it."

We leave it, for perhaps the whole difference in treatment by the older poets and the younger is exemplified in this example. Without captiousness, we become a trifle weary, also, of the very long speeches that Tristram and Isolt exchange over their situation, and the author again over them. Two elderly philosophers endlessly arguing the "is" and " is not " would not be more wordy than these two, and they just a warrior caught by a woman's beauty and a woman caught by a man's fame and physical prowess, for which disaster they blamed the love philtre.

In this our day, when the feminine attitude and the feminine outlook are wearisomely insisted on, it is refreshing to come upon a strong masculine work. It is as a cup of good wine to a man who has been forced to drink milk and water. *The Poems* by S. R. Lysaght come from America, but are by one of the old country, and are now published by Macmillan. These poems form a volume to keep and to go back to continually. There are lines in it that will re-occur in the memory again and again. There are poems wrung from the deepest things in life and full of the wisdom of insight that should be the secret of a poet's heart.

> " Songs of the hours you leave in passing hence,
> And requiems of lost magnificence,
> Lovelier than any voice you leave behind."

Also with beauty and dignity are clothed the lines in which S. R. Lysaght sings of that greatest of all earth's wonders —the seas :

" The wind fell, and the waters, gathering slow,
Swung to the primal rhythm of the deep,
In grand procession and triumphal sweep,
With undertones of night and ancient woe."

Again, of a storm :

" And round the edges of the south
To gold the silver grew,
And in the spaces of the north
Long lanes of evening-blue.

" And flying storm-clouds, crested white,
Shone o'er the seas afar ;
And light of rose was in the west,
And in the east a star."

We look first for beauty in a poet's work, but just as a fair face soon wearies us if there be no quality of mind behind it, so with the poet—mere beauty of words without thought, which is birth after bitter travail, cannot satisfy us. But S. R. Lysaght has suffered the travail of the soul and gives, as Francis Thompson, after his long agony, gave, deep, penetrating soul-visions. Space alone prevents us dwelling on the poems, *A Psalm*, *Second Lesson*, and *The Road into the World* ; let those who are weary of lines to a housekeeper, or jingling rhapsodies on a crinoline, find in these poems for themselves the things that matter. Lysaght is not afraid to cry in *A Litany of Peace and War* (amid the sometimes unthinking clamour that shrieks " all war is evil "),

" From bonds of peace wherein there is no peace,
From ease that sows corruption and disease,
From increase paid for in the soul's decrease,
Good Lord deliver us, and send us war !

" Ere the doom falls and it shall be too late
Show us, good Lord, the foe within the gate ;
Show us through sacrifice our nobler fate,
And in the darkness of our night, a star."

He cries, in effect, that the battlefield is at times the purification of a nation, and that death at the hand of an enemy is better far than death beneath the rule of the " Belly-god."

S. R. Lysaght also writes of homely matters and of intimate interests, but he never falls into the snare of homely language, or of current slang, in order to sharpen and point his verses. It may be that the slang of to-day will be the literature of to-morrow. Without doubt many journalists are doing their utmost to bring this to pass, but it cannot but be that although by the use of slang a spurious forcefulness is momentarily gained, yet there follows a corresponding loss of beauty that endures. And this poet's pages contain words of force that are correct words. There is a virile spirit that brings a joy in reading his poems; he is not afraid to face Doubt, or even to express Despair, but ever he does so with a strength and a vision that gazes beyond the mists that would confound us; and all this, not in the echoed belief of a creed, but in an all-embracing Love. "Love unites us, creeds divide us. Help, O God, our unbelief." Here is a poet whom this material age will probably ignore and despise; here is one who, in his own words, cries,

> "Come, 'tis for those who have not sold their dreams
> To stand together and to lead the world."

In this our day, when those who style themselves shepherds of the flock forsake the spirit and debate over the letter of their faith, it is somewhat of a surprise to find a successful author writing in the form of a miracle play—in the form but hardly of the same nature as those old plays which, in terse sentences, put forth a representation of a burning faith. John Masefield's *The Coming of Christ* (Heinemann) is not simple; it could not be played in a barn, as some of those old plays were; we feel that it requires the background of a great church, that it needs to be accompanied by the organ, and, as he instructs those playing it, "there is also a small but important part for trumpet (or trumpets in unison)." But we have known and heard great sentences that were trumpet-blasts in themselves; sentences and poems that needed no accompaniment.

This play ignores the dominant note of entire simplicity that was in the actual coming of the Christ.

It somewhat strangely pictures the " Anima Christi " as a neophyte attempting an experiment, and as being advised and corrected by angels who appear far wiser than he. These angels typify attributes, and one, " The Power," speaks to the Eternal Son in severe colloquial language, so severe and so colloquial that it reminds the reader of some kindly uncle arguing with an adventurous nephew. " Soon even the young will think you mad " ; again, " Then, in a hurry, will come bonds and insults." This, as poetry, is disastrous ; if sung, it might haply pass, because those who are musically inclined are too often quite indifferent to the quality of the words. Again, " The Light " says, " Then give up thought of Life : abandon man." By no stretch of imagination can we picture angels thus addressing Christ, and by no manner of reading can we find it poetical. The Three Wise Men from the East are represented to typify Power, Wealth and Wisdom, but a certain incredulity is aroused in our minds as to whether so brutal and blood-stained a man, as Masefield has drawn in Baltasar, would ever have even desired to see absolute innocence and purity in a poor stable, let alone making a long and tedious journey to discover them. The Vision Beautiful does not come except to the soul that has long yearned for higher things. Nathaniel would not have been called into the presence of Holiness had he not been earnestly desiring and praying for its advent. This, also, seems the error in the author's picture of the two shepherds, their apparently communistic speech matters not a jot, for a communist, however mistakenly, may yet be moved by a fiery longing for freedom : but these are mundane, truly " sandy " and " earthy," drink and girls and theft are their chief gods ; such men would have despised a poor village maiden and a babe sheltering in the meanest part of the inn. Sin in itself does not raise a barrier between man and God, if it be sin recognized and loathed ; but the barred doors and shutters of a darkened heart cannot let in the light even of a hundred suns. We cannot recognize these shepherds. Then in the realm of poetry can we honestly say that the Chorus of the Hosts as they pass down the Quire is poetry ?

If man would not care to sing such a jingle, can angels do so ?

> The prince, forespoken
> By seer and token,
> By whom Sin's broken
> And Death is stayed.

It is true that the old miracle plays were written in simple language, but not thus ; *By Whom Sin's Broken* is appallingly ugly in sound, and crudely expressed as to meaning. In all his work, John Masefield reveals a love and knowledge of homely natural things, and the lyric

> " O sing, as thrushes in the winter lift
> Their ecstasy aloft among black boughs,
> So that the doormouse stirs him in his drowse,"

is perhaps the most poetic part of the play. Whether celestial beings, who know not winter or black boughs, could feel the beauty of these earthly things we must leave to the author's authority ; he puts the words into the mouths of the Host of Heaven.

As regards the play itself, we feel a troubled certainty that only music, colour, and the grand background of a cathedral could impress men into accepting this as poetry, or as a beautiful picture of an event that surpassed all events in beauty. It bears out our contention that in reporting the actual performance of this play, the reporter, in praising it, says, " Two moments in the play seize on the imagination pre-eminently. The first is when the chorus of mailed knights march with their lances slanted—while the organ storms and mingles with the fanfare of trumpets." We have no doubt this made a gorgeous spectacle, but what have knights and their lances to do with the lowly birth amid the beasts ? The organ storming and the fanfare of trumpets seized the imagination ; not the words, mark you, of the author. The same reporter adds that " at times " Masefield's " narrative verse swelled in lines of lyric quality and beauty." " At times " is as severe as anything a critic could say. The first four lines spoken by " The Power " are dignified and lyrical, but what can be said of the words put into the mouth of Christ ?

" I stand here at the gate,
I quake as I enter in."

But this sorry attitude is made worse by the grandmotherly comment of " The Power," " Well might man tremble entering such toils." The idea of Christ " quaking " is offensive to a religious soul, and the entirely prosaic speech of the angel jars on the poetic mind.

That the performance in Canterbury Cathedral impressed and delighted the onlookers cannot here be taken into account ; we have but to seek for the essential poetry of the work altogether apart from " organ storms," knights, trumpets, and the dim arches of a sacred building hung with fading banners. We could wish that John Masefield had confined himself to the shepherds and the humble folk of the Inn ; his large humanity might then have given us a poetic picture ; as it is, the angels are not impressive ; and we remember that Milton himself failed when he wrote celestial speech.

In this our day, when the public seem attracted only by meaningless follies or plays of detected crime, we recognize a happy courage in the author who puts forth a well-written historical play. W. G. Hole has attempted to reveal in *Queen Elizabeth* (Cecil Palmer) the character of that masterful (yet feminine in vanity), and passionate daughter of a masterful father. He has ignored actual dates, which is of little moment, in order to present salient episodes. The play itself is finer than the performance that was given, because in reading the dignified lines we perceive the thought of the author ; and, also, the love-making between Elizabeth and Leicester was somewhat of a sensual business in the acting, but, in the written words is not of that nature. The crafty desire of Elizabeth that Mary should die—" Death often comes to kings "—" Died, my good Davidson ! She often ails. That's known . . . she might ail more ! " ; her knowledge of men that foresaw she would be condemned if, with whatever justice, Mary was executed, is well shown : Henry the Eighth would not have wavered, he would have cried, bluntly, " Treason merits death, it is the law," and have dared his people to utter one word in

criticism; Elizabeth was a woman who divined immediately that jealousy of one fairer than herself would be imputed to her. Let the necessary deed be done, but done in a way that left her free to repudiate it. There are many nobly patriotic lines in the book, which may pass into quoted currencies; but we could wish that the author had not left the greatest episode in history—the defeat of the Armada—to be told by a drunken mariner in a scene that is apparently patched in. We imagine how Elizabeth would have glowed over that wonderful story, how her eyes would have flashed, and her nobler qualities revealed her innate queenliness. This virile strength and queenliness W. G. Hole has dwelt on in the scene between Denham and Elizabeth; it is a good scene but it is rather in the nature of an episode, it is not quite knit in with the rest; the sole presence of Clodd, the Jester, perhaps gives it that effect, and his leaving a woman alone with a desperate man and the long dagger still on the table. The play is to be welcomed by reason of the study of Elizabeth and of Burleigh; the speeches of the latter are full of dignity and of a noble devotion to his country: very fine is his prayer after sending the messenger of dread to Fotheringay: ending on a note that, in this our day when even some of her own sons would be-little their country, we could desire they would take to heart. The whole ends with a cry from Elizabeth, a cry which we may be inclined to think that so masterful a Queen would not have given before her subjects, but which strikes the key that gives the harmony to the author's conception of her—a Queen shut in the "barren solitude of sovereignty; and as a woman "striving for love. A strong, coarse, passionate soul, inheriting the tyrannical nature of her father, but one who, when all is said, loved England and under whom England defied and repelled her enemies."

Mr. Hole has drawn an Elizabeth who lives, she is no stage queen; her speeches may be in verse, but they are vibrant and alive. He has seen the vivid personality beneath the trappings of monarchy and the clouds of tradition.

ARTHUR HOOD.

ON BORROWING

THE forms of poetry are common property. It is no crime to write blank verse, quatrains, or sonnets; at any moment some discarded form may return to fashion as did the triolet and rondeau in the 'eighties. When Robert Graves began to write Skeltonics he was accused of childishness (and pedantry), not of burglary. An eighteenth-century boom is now in full swing; its promoters are respectable university professors.

Imitation of the cadences and movement of some particular poet is a more serious matter. It is more irritating to read Kipling's jingo jangles under another name than under his own. When Mr. Richards[1] reads:

> A mortal shape to him
> Was like the vapour dim
> Which the orient planet animates with light.
> Hell, sin, and slavery, came,
> Like bloodhounds mild and tame,
> Nor preyed until their Lord had taken flight,

he feels that "Shelley is echoing another poem, borrowing, as it were, Milton's voice though not his words, making in fact a musical quotation, a poetical allusion of exquisite felicity. But by so doing he is necessarily restricting the number of readers who will fully appreciate him . . . One familiar with the *Hymn on the Morning of Christ's Nativity* will respond more fully and with a deep sense of the situation; but a reader unfamiliar with it is not deprived of any major part of the poem."

Shelley, then, is justified; but when R. N. D. Wilson writes:

> Iseult, into your name
> So great a wonder came,
> As I said it there on the hill,
> That I seem standing still,
> Watching your loosened hair,
> On the beaten top of the hill,
> Stream in the crying air,
> Call to the crying wind—
> "Who can love for the mind?"

A reviewer complains that he is reminded of Yeats, yet here perhaps the same argument might apply. Again, there seems to be a faint echo of Gerard Hopkins in certain of Herbert Read's Imagist *Eclogues*:

> Inward from furtive woods
> the stretched light stains:
> end-toil star now broods
> deeming resthaven due.

[1] *Principles of Literary Criticism*, p. 215

Unyoked the roan team
garthward he leads :
hooves beat to harness clink ;
the swollen sun bleeds.

With more complete and deliberate imitation, the reader experiences a feeling of acute dissatisfaction. He feels that Miss Sambrook's *Chickweed and Groundsel*[1] definitely *belongs* to Ralph Hodgson, yet the attitude is clearly wrong ; a poem should be judged on its own merits, say the critics. But it is precisely this which is impossible. Just as the poet's reading affects his writing, so the reader's memory associates certain types of persons with certain names. *Chickwede and Groundsel* immediately recalls a host of similar poems ; the reader wishes to set it in the appropriate mental niche among them, but the label, " Joyce Sambrook " obstinately refuses to merge into that environment. Time may establish harmony, but the poem certainly loses at a first reading. Anonymity appears to be the only solution, and it has already been suggested by Mr. E. M. Forster[2] for entirely different reasons, and certainly it appears to be desirable that highly imitative poems should be published without disconcerting labels. With other poems, however, the signature can be extremely helpful in supplying a background for the study of the work. Especially does this apply to metaphysical poetry and, since poets, like philosophers, must often profoundly modify their views, it is well that such poems should be dated.

The unconscious borrowing of word and phrase is an infirmity to which all writers are subject, and, since the detection of such plagiarism by the reader is as likely to hinder as to assist the appreciation of the poem, the writer should subject his work to the most careful scrutiny and judge each detected plagiarism on its merits. Even if one ignores the moral problem, it is unwise to presume upon the ignorance of the reader, though it is strange how long quotations may pass unsuspected. Mr. Richards was the first to point out that Kubla Khan contains half-a-dozen obvious quotations from *Paradise Lost*, Book IV, as well as the acknowledged references to *Purchas his Pilgrimage*, *Bartram's Travels in North and South Carolina*, etc. Again, Mr. J. G. Robertson has shown that Marlowe's

Like to an almond tree y-mounted high
Upon the lofty and celestial mount

[1] Poetry Review, May-June, 1928.

[2] *The Calendar*, November, 1925. (Anonymity has been advocated on several occasions by our Premium Editors (January, 1924, and later) as the one way of getting unprejudiced consideration for new work.—Ed.)

Of evergreen Selinus, quaintly deck'd
With blooms more white than Erycina's brows,
Whose tender blossoms tremble every one
At every little breath that thôrough heaven is blown.
(*Tamburlaine*, Part II, Act IV, sc. iv.)

is filched almost bodily from Spenser (*Faerie Queene*, I, vii. 32).

The use of quotation for satirical purposes is common enough :

Lead, kindly ignis fatuus, far
Amid the world's encircling gloom.
(Roy Campbell.)

And ancient freedom crumbled slowly down
From precedent to binding precedent.
(Boffenreitzer.)

A. E. Housman's poems form a deliberate commentary on Milton :

And Malt does more than Milton can
To justify God's ways to man.

so that we are not surprised by the frequency of his Miltonic quotations. Rupert Brooke, too, was indebted to Milton :

Till, at a shiver in the skies,
Vanishing with Satanic cries,
The prim ecclesiastic rout
Leaves but a startled sleeper-out.

The polyglot quotations of Ezra Pound and his "performing Yanks" may be merely mannerisms, but in the work of T. S. Eliot they form an integral and important part of the poem : he writes only for those readers who will appreciate his references.

When writing :

I should find
Some way incomparably light and deft,
Some way we both should understand,
Simple and faithless as a smile and shake of the hand,

he is consciously making use of the images which the reader will associate with Jules Laforgue's *Simple et sans foi comme un bonjour*.

Robert Graves has shown [1] how the ironic humour of *Burbank with a Baedeker* depends on the juxtaposition of Shakespearean references and instances of modern vulgarity. Mr. Eliot is a savage critic of modern civilization and secures his effect by violent contrast. *The Waste Land* is the great anthropological fable of the twentieth century, and in it he uses an unprecedented wealth of quotation, always with a special purpose.

[1] *A Survey of Modernist Poetry*, Laura Riding and Robert Graves.

> The Chair she sat in, like a burnished throne,
> Glowed on the marble, where the glass
> Held up by standards wrought with fruited vines
> From which a golden Cupidon peeped out. . . .

immediately recalls Cleopatra, and the associated images enhance the impression given by the twenty lines of "fine writing" that follow.

Mr. Eliot's work possesses such profound significance, and his use of quotation is so skilful, that the borrowings are themselves given an enhanced significance, and on re-reading the *Purgatorio* or *The Tempest* it is found that they have gained enormously in vigour and in freshness. Few poets possess such artistry, and already *The Waste Land* has imitators who are little more than pathetic parodists. Obscurity may veil ignorance as well as profundity; recondite references have no merit as such. Mr. Eliot plays fair: he supplies notes for his own poem and explains, as far as possible, his conscious symbols; the poem itself cannot be fully appreciated until those notes have been followed up. It is clear that such poetry cannot become "popular," but for the few who possess the necessary leisure it may be of the highest value, since poetic value is a function of reader as well as poem.

MICHAEL ROBERTS.

HOLLYHOCKS

ALL summer long
From my lofty porch
I gazed upon beds of hollyhocks,
Upon beds and beds of hollyhocks—
Red and cerise, lavender, pink—
Standing all night,
Tall and erect,
Satiny silver in moonlight;
Standing all day,
Tall and erect,
Satiny brilliant in daylight—
All summer long
Day and night,
Standing; tall and erect—
Handmaidens worshipping God.

M. E. BARNICLE.

A STUDY OF ENGLISH RHYME

I. WORDSWORTH.

THE poets have been very bold in their statements in regard to rhyme. Lowell speaks of the bobolink as a rhymer; Longfellow writes of the rhymes of the universe, and Emerson is full of the like *dicta*.

John Davidson, if I remember correctly, speaks of rhyme as the "philosopher's stone"; and certainly the juxtaposition of two rhyme-words transmutes each by the symphony. Again, he describes Milton as "decadent," because he did not employ rhyme, and Dante as "ascendant," because rhyme was part of his technique. Sir Edmund Gosse has ascribed the invention of rhyme to the monks; and Archbishop Trench believes that it was present in popular literature throughout the classical ages.

Into these larger questions I do not purpose to enter. I hope to furnish in these papers merely an analysis of the rhyme-sounds of the major English poets. I have no skill in the rhymes of the bobolink. Mine is the humbler task (1) of noting the predominating rhyme-words in English poetry; (2) of determining whether the schools of English poetry, as usually differentiated—e.g., into the Augustan and the Romantic poets—are differentiated by a like distinction in their use of rhyme-words.

If it be asked me, of what practical value is this for the composition of verse, I can only reply

> "I know not what it tells of Being past,
> Or what it augurs of the life to come."

I beg to suggest, however, that this study may possibly have a retrospective value. After a writer has practised versification for many years, he may care to note the predominating rhyme-sounds of earlier English poets. I cannot think that he will choose one English poet, and, by an act of will, cause his own rhymes to chime with those of his predecessor.

Beginning with Wordsworth, then, I offer the following analysis of that poet's rhyme-words for whatever interest it may have. Not more than ten rhyme-words are given under each letter, unless words that tie cause that number to be exceeded. No word is given unless it is rhymed at least ten times.

A

Away, 106; Air, 93; Again, 62; Alone, 52; All, 45; About, 37; Art (noun), 35; Aim, 33; Appear, 28; Age, 27.

B

Be, 108; Bright, 71; Breast, 64; Boy, 47; Bed, 42; Bear (verb), 41; Birth, 40; Behold, 39; Before, 31; Breath, 31.

C

Care (noun), 72; Came, 51; Child, 40; Command (noun), 37; Cell, 34; Come, 34; Cheer (noun), 32; Clear (adj.), 32; Cheek, 26; Crown, 23; Cry (noun), 23.

D

Day, 176; Delight (noun), 63; Dear, 61; Die, 44; Dead (adj.), 42; Death, 41; Divine, 39; Door, 38; Dream (noun), 36; Days, 30; Done, 30; Dwell, 30.

E

Eye, 111; Eyes, 68; Earth, 57; Ear, 44; Ease, 24; End, 23; Endure, 23; Ears, 13; Embrace (noun), 13.

F

Free, 73; Face, 70; Fear (noun), 60; Fair (adj.), 58; Find (verb), 43; Flowers (noun, plur.), 42; Fire (noun), 41; Flood (noun), 40; Flight, 39; Feet, 38.

G

Ground (noun), 77; Go, 65; Grace, 65; Gone, 50; Grave (noun), 39; Gay, 38; Given, 37; Gleam (noun), 32; Green (adj.), 31; God, 30.

H

Heart, 98; Head, 95; Hand, 86; Hour, 74; Here, 65; Hear, 51; Heaven, 50; Hill, 50; Home, 50; Height, 46.

I

I, 34; Intent (noun), 23; Isle, 14; Ill (noun), 11; Innocence, 11.

J

Joy, 57; Just (adj.), 16.

K

Know, 31; Kind (noun), 26; Keep (verb), 19; Known, 18; Knell (noun), 14; Knees, 13; Keen, 12; Knee, 12; Knew, 11.

L

Light (noun), 123; Love (noun), 84; Lie (verb), 50; Life, 49; Land, 46; Laid (part.), 42; Lay (pret.), 37; Lost (part), 32; Lay (noun), 26; Lies (verb), 26.

M

Mind (noun), 93; Me, 81; More (adv.), 74; Man, 39; Morn, 34; Maid, 30; Men, 30; Might (noun), 30; Mood, 30; Make, 28.

N

Night, 96; Name, 63; Near, 54; Not, 28; Nest (noun), 23; Now, 23; Nigh, 19; Nook, 15; Neighbourhood, 13; Note (noun), 12.

O

Own, (adj.) 46; Old, 43; One (adj.), 34; On, 23; Ours, 16; Out, 14; O'er, 11; Other, 11.

P

Place (noun), 82; Power, 81; Pride, 69; Pain (noun), 61; Plain (noun), 39; Prayer, 36; Praise (noun), 33; Part (noun), 26; Power, 26; Pure, 26.

Q

Queen, 12.

R

Rest (noun), 66; Round (adv.), 32; Road, 31; Rise, 29; Ray (noun), 28; Roam, 26; Right (noun), 25; Repose (noun), 24; Rejoice, 23; Rest (verb), 23.

S

Sight, 115; Shy, 96; Side, 95; Seen, 85; See (verb), 78; Shade, 69; Sea, 66; Say, 53; Shore, 49; Song, 46.

T

Thee, 80; There, 72; Thought, 49; Tree, 46; Time, 44; True, 41; Tell (verb), 40; Trees, 31; Thine, 30; Truth, 30.

U

Unknown, 23; Unfold, 12.

V

Voice (noun), 32; View (noun), 31; Vale, 28; Vain (adj.), 18; Vain (adv. phrase), 18; Victory, 10; View (verb), 10.

W

Way, 105; Will (noun), 47; Wood, 44; Wind (noun), 34; Wrong (noun), 32; Wings (noun, plur.), 31; Woe, 30; Well (adv.), 26; Wide (adv.), 21; Wild, 20; Word, 20.

Y

You, 34; Years, 31; Youth, 31; Year, 30; Yield (verb), 23; Yarrow, 14; Yore, 14; Young, 12; Yet, 10.

The first twenty rhyme-words in order are:

Day, 176; Light, 123; Sight, 115; Eye, 111; Be, 108; Away, 106; Way, 105; Heart, 98; Night, 96; Shy, 96; Head, 95; Side, 95; Air, 93; Mind (noun), 93; Hand, 86; Seen, 85; Love (noun), 84; Place (noun), 82; Me, 81; Power, 81.

Wordsworth, it may be added, uses 15,000 rhyme-words in all. Among peculiarities of rhyme are to be noted: "girl, squirrel" (*Peter Bell*, 888, 9); "July . . . truly" (*Misc. Poems*, XV, 9, 11). The latter may be paralleled from Suckling. There is one incorrect rhyme: "whether, never" (*Cuckoo and the Nightingale*, 23, 4); and one false quantity in rhyme-words, "metamorphosis" (*Memorials*, 1820, XXXII, 69). This quantity may be paralleled in Scott:

"His metamorphosis behold" (*Fortunes of Nigel*, Chap. I, Motto); as also in Roscommon and Emerson. It may be contrasted with Pope's:

> "Now, Jonson, 'list thy forces all,
> Review them, and tell noses;
> For to poor Ovid shall befall
> A strange metamorphosis." (*Sandys's Ghost.*)

"Amphitrite" is rhymed by Wordsworth with "light" (*Memorials*, 1803, XVII, 118, 119). "Wind" (noun) is rhymed with a long ī, thirty-four times; with a short ĭ, twice. I conjecture, from a reading without enumeration, that "wind" with a short ĭ predominates over

wĭnd with a long ī in Swinburne, first of English poets. "Melancholy" (noun) is rhymed by Wordsworth with a short ŏ three times; with a long ō, six times. "Melancholy" (adj.) is rhymed by him with a short ŏ twice, with a long ō three times. The Greek has, of course, a short ŏ (μελάγχολος).

In *Poems dedicated to National Independence and Liberty, I*, XII, "thee" is used twice as a rhyme-word in a single sonnet; and in *Memorials*, 1837, XIX, "throne" and "Throne" are used as rhyme-words in the same sonnet.

I may anticipate my second paper by giving the following analysis of Shelley's rhymes, A–F:

A

Air, 116; Away, 96; Again, 67; Alone, 37; Around, 34; Are, 32; All, 29; Atmosphere, 27; Above, 25; Among, 21.

B

Be, 143; Below, 39; Birth, 38; Breast, 37; Blood, 35; Bright, 34; Bear (verb), 32; Brow, 28; Blast (noun), 27; Brain, 27.

C

Came, 56; Child, 37; Cold, 33; Cloud, 19; Care (noun), 17; Cave, 16; Caves, 16; Cry (noun), 16; Cheek, 15; Come, 15; Creep, 15.

D

Day, 133; Delight (noun), 51; Dew, 51; Dead (noun), 44; Death, 44; Divine, 43; Despair, 39; Dead (adj.), 38; Deep (noun), 37; Down (adv.), 34; Dream (noun), 34.

E

Eyes, 68; Earth, 65; Ever, 38; Eye, 22; Eternity, 17; Even (noun), 14; Error, 12; Emotion, 11.

F

Free, 64; Fair, 59; Flame, 56; Feet, 39; Fear (noun), 37; Flight, 31; Flow (verb), 28; Flowers (noun, plur.), 28; Fame, 24; Fell (pret. tense), 24; Fire, 24.

These rhyme-words may be compared in detail with Wordsworth's; and it will be found that there is a somewhat close correspondence. It may be noted that Shelley rhymes "dew" fifty-one times. Wordsworth employs it twenty-one times only. Shelley has, I believe, been termed the poet of "dew." It is in observing these differences of rhyme that the charm of such a study as the present consists. It is hoped that this analysis may add a new pleasure to the study of poetry.

A logical interest may attach to rhyme-words which have only one correlative. Thus Shelley rhymes "fountains" twenty-three times, each time to "mountains." Shelley has himself said:

> "Speech created thought,
> Which is the measure of the universe."

Certainly one rhyme-word often suggests the thought which can be expressed by the only available other rhyme-word. Milton finds that this characteristic of rhyme shackles thought. It appears, however, to create poetry.

T. E. CASSON.

THE DYNAMICS OF AMERICAN POETRY

XVII: GLENN WARD DRESBACH, HAROLD VINAL, ISABEL FISKE CONANT, SISTER MADELEVA, CARESSE AND HARRY CROSBY.

A new book by GLEN WARD DRESBACH is a welcome addition to characteristic poetry, poetry descriptive of places and open spaces and the workings of Nature. His *Road To Everywhere* (1916), *In the Path of the Winds* (1918), *Morning, Noon and Night* (1920), *In Colours of the West* (1922), *Enchanted Mesa* (1924), and, lastly, *Cliff Dwellings and Other Poems* (Vinal, 1926), carry us to this picturesque Middle West and West so familiar to Mr. Dresbach. In reviewing *Colours of the West* (Section IV of *The Dynamics of American Poetry*), I stated that the "Desert Shadow Songs" and other poems in that volume remind one of the Remington drawings, and "Porto Bello Bay" is as vivid and compelling as a Winslow Homer.

Mr. Dresbach's titles in *Cliff Dwellings and Other Poems* show plainly his love for the out of doors and his interest in and knowledge of the thrush, the robin, the cliff swallow, the colt from pasture, the wounded stag, the scarlet tanager and all the winged loveliness of his beautiful country.

As the dates of his books indicate, he has been singing of the West for ten years. He was but twenty-seven years when his first book was published, but had already been much of the vast territories west of the Ohio River. Born at Lanark, Illinois, he went to the University of Wisconsin, then to far-off Panama Canal, where the Atlantic and the Pacific meet. The World War brought him back, east of the Ohio, this time, to Maryland, where, as Captain in the United States Army he was in charge of the medical supply depots at Camp Mead, and Medical Supply O.T.S. And then back to Lanark, which is his home at date of writing. Of the six short stanzas of his "Desert Rain," in *Cliff Dwellings*, the first follows:

> Flash of your silver pinions
> From low clouds thunder-torn
> Was not enough to moisten
> The sabered leaf and thorn.

This picture of the night in his poem "And This Vast Shadow, Night," has a new note:

> Around me prowl at night
> The things that sleep by day,
> But come not near enough for me
> To capture or to slay.

The sounds of padded feet
  Are on the trails I pass,
And eyes look out like stars that fell
  And flame from shadow-grass.

And for each thing that stirs
  A greater shadow prowls—
For owl the fox, for fox the lynx,
  For mice the taloned owls.

And this vast Shadow, Night,
  Where wind in cedar stirs,
Looks down with brightly burning eyes
  Upon this land—and purrs!

The second from his "Mountain Sonnets" at the close of the book is quoted as an example of their excellence:

Where splendour circled to the last hazed portal
  Of distance, comes in moments sense of wings—
The restless spirit in the patterned mortal,
  Unconquered by our molds, rebels and sings.
Where lonely hunters roamed into the surges
  Of opal tides across the soundless air
The muscles quiver with remembered urges,
  Not yet quite tamed by phantom loads they bear.

And in the nights where lusty laughter quickens
  Upon the winds, and breath of lifted wine
Drifts through the boughs where dew and stardust thickens,
  What blazoned banners would we swing in line!
What swords of conquest, thrilled but undefined,
  Would cleave the dusty curtains of the mind!

* * *

Harold Vinal, poet-editor, has, through his magazine, *Voices*, his fine books, and lectures contributed definitely to the poetic impulse of the day. His devotion to the interests of poetry is reflected by the following paragraph from a recent letter to me:

> "Europe is still rather a lyric dream in the brain and it is hard to plunge into the old whirlwind of affairs. I have withdrawn from active participation in my publishing business and am devoting my time definitely this winter to my own writing and the magazine. There have been so many demands for literary criticism that I have decided to have some classes and do poetic criticisms by correspondence."

From *A Stranger In Heaven*—the fifth book by Harold Vinal—I have chosen three poems which illustrate his gift:

DREAM TIMBER

He built his house of dreams, adventurer,
He put the road by and the swinging moon,
Gave up the world, a blasé traveller,
  Glad of a hearth and a long honeymoon.
And though the sun was bright above his shoulder
  And all the fields were calling him to Arden,
He turned to patch and woodpile and grew older,
  Content to spend his days in one small garden.

Yet there were times when Rome imperially
  Called him, or Carcassone, or a small town,
A legendary city, or the sea,
  An she would find him pacing up and down
An area too small for restless shoes,
Winged with the rapid wind for Hermes' use.

NEGOTIATIONS WITH EARTH

He had no part with cloud or moon,
  He had no treaty from his birth
With anything from June to June
  Except a spaded heap of earth.

His small estate could house a lark;
  Behind the black hinge of his door,
An invalid against the dark,
  He lies upon his dusty floor.

The singing throat is mute and he
  Sleeps in such long oblivion
That he forgets how eagerly
  He raced his shadow with the sun.

OUT OF ITALY

The pigeons flutter white against St. Mark's,
  Peasants in bright shawls pass the golden dome;
Beyond the huddled shops the moon embarks,
  Another pilgrim on the road to Rome.
Women with red lips loiter with their men;
  Up the piazza Tosca flings a rose;
Under the Bridge of Sighs the tide again
  Comes like a whispering ghost, and whispering goes.

Here by the Doge's Palace tales are told:
  How once the dagger and the mask appeared,
And the swift vengeance fell, and blood ran cold,
  And crafty Shylock muttered in his beard. . . .
    Always the water eats a crumbling stair,
    And Venice laughs her crazy laughter there.

The iridescence of ISABEL FISKE CONANT'S thoughts, captured in poetic form, carries us into charming realms. Her books: *Many Wings*, *Frontier* and *Puritan*; and her frequent contributions to magazines and newspapers, supplemented by her personal teaching in the Scoville School for Girls, make her a valued force in American poetry.

In the foreword of *Frontier*, Corinne Roosevelt Robinson writes of Mrs. Conant:

> "Each person clings to his or her own definition of poetry, and much discussion always ensues when the question is asked—'What is Poetry?' I have always felt that true poetry must succeed in doing two things for the reader. First, it must interpret a thought or emotion or experience, or it must paint a scene or circumstance in such wise that there could be no prose equivalent. Poetry should pierce a veil not rent by prose, or it can have—unlike beauty—no excuse for being. Second, the medium through which poetry performs its function must have the haunting quality. It can take many different forms; it can make use of varied methods, old and new, but is Poetry only if the lines sing and haunt. Shakespeare, Milton, Browning, Wordsworth, Shelley, Swinburne, Keats, Tennyson and some few others have proved this fact, as endless quotations could exemplify. The haunting, singing line is nowhere more adequately portrayed than in the *Ode to a Nightingale* by John Keats. In the same category I would put parts of Tennyson's *Lotus Eaters*. Who has not, at rare moments, come into a land in which it seemed always afternoon? Shakespeare's stanzas in *The Merchant of Venice*, beginning 'On such a night,' Wordsworth's *Ode*, Browning's *One Word More*, Shelley's exquisite *I arise from Dreams of Thee*, Swinburne's *Forsaken Garden*, Milton's *Ode on the Nativity*, all are music in words, and leave one convinced that, in such expressions, one has found true poetry. And so again I say that poetry must sing and haunt.
>
> "The author of the poems in this book can sing, and sing in a haunting way. *Three Times Pan* is, I think, the best example in this volume of what I deem the requisite of poetry. No prose could so subtly suggest the meaning of the writer—no prose could paint the sense of aloofness, or illusion and elusion, or 'other worldliness'—nor could prose produce as haunting lines. Quite different, but very beautiful, is *Quiet Prayer*. The strength of the hills is in it. *Angler* shows the same realization of the one-ness of nature and emotional experience.
>
> "Some of the poems in this book have a different quality, dear to me in poetry; namely, a suggestiveness, which, by no means lacking in lucidity, leaves to the reader the chance of rounding out the suggestion. Full confidence in the sympathy

and comprehension of the reader is everywhere evidenced, and, so trusted, so flattered, what reader would fail the poet, who has such faith? Not I, for one!"

I shall quote two poems from each of Mrs. Conant's books. From *Many Wings* (Brimmer, 1923):

CASEMENTS

On my wall to eastward
Since I knew you,
A wide crystal casement
Swings to the blue.

What more can friend do,
Though he do all,
Than hang Orion
On his friend's wall?

HELEN

Wood-people on whatever ocean-down
Might have believed her coming was the spring,
And when she drifted to the tallest town
She still was Primavera of the ring.
Lighting the sky afar, she set on fire
The river of whatever Latin Quarter
Of any city with the same desire
That lit a thousand ships for Leda's daughter.

She that returns, with one accustomed fame
On boulevard or alley, with one duty,
To be a synonym for Helen's name,
To burn a taper wasting into beauty,—
Though I were witness sworn to verity
How shall I blame her who sets beauty free?

From *Frontier* (Mosher Press, 1926):

XANTHOPHYLL

No beauty I have ever seen can fade,
A violet gathered twenty years ago
Is five-fold azure yet on Alpine snow.
Or some November fog, celestial made
By spreading sunset, still with me has staid
From other worlds that once I dared to know.
Remembered Beauty,—that I cannot show
Its wonder, is its very accolade.

The little cottage, the more ample barn,
Shelter for folk, and storage of the field;
The conquering of the cold, the upland tarn,
The wall, the furrow and the harvest yield—
This Puritan will point his country forth;
A quivering compass, steadfast to its North.
A gathered handful from remembered fields
Though dusty from the road, though paling fast,
Are of a better soil than what earth yields
And they will deck my garment at the last,—
Child-offering now in an ungraded school,
Next term will freshen them, to April's rule.

QUIET PRAYER

He who follows many gods
Must go without rest
Like the many tossing waves
Of the sea-crest.

He who loves one god,
Stays ever still
As the arrested wave
Of a distant hill.

One God, Only God,
Lift my dream high,
Set its blue mountain
Against far sky.

TREE

I that would show beauty,
Why could I not be,
Blowing at the cross-roads,
Any green tree?

Why could I not have been
One of summer's birds?
I, that, instead of wings,
Have only words!

From *Puritan* (Vinal, 1925):

A PURITAN

His early village that the hills surround,
His church spire, white against their emerald strength,
Have had their human counterpart, at length;

A rugged man sprung of enduring ground,
Into his weaving went these windy hills,
And season-weathered patterns of his dream;
Ancestral tapestries of sombre gleam,
The blending of the generations' wills.

LIGHT

All that they do not see
  That other light
More good than sunset,
  More blue than night;

They that walk a smooth pave,
  What do they miss
Out of eight and eight and eight hours?
  Only this.

They do not call empty
  Their hands that hold
Sovereigns and guinea
  But never touch—gold.

* * *

Penelope and Other Poems (Appleton, 1927), the second volume from the lyrical pen of Sister M. Madeleva, Dean of the College and Academy of Saint Mary of the Wasatch, shows a further development of her poetic talent. In reviewing *Knights Errant* in a previous section of the *Dynamics*, it was pointed out that Sister Madeleva has been a contributing force toward sympathetic beauty in the dynamics of American poetry.

In her last book the spiritual note is well maintained throughout. A beautiful example is "My Windows" and "Desert Sunset":

MY WINDOWS

These are my two windows; one
Lets in morning and the sun,
Lets in tranquillity and noon,
Lets in all magic and the moon.

One, looking on my garden, shows
Me miracles: a sudden rose,
A poppy's flame, a tulip's cup,
A lily's chalice lifted up.

Wonder-windows! who could guess
The secret of their loveliness?
Beyond transfigured sky and clod
My two windows show me God.

DESERT SUNSET

Sunset stood at the edge of the world, apart in the west,
Virginal, calm, aloof, in golden austerity dressed.

Soft little twilight winds and birds and clouds had flown;
Sunset stood on the lone horizon, wistful, alone,
Clad in dispassionate amber from foot to beautiful head,
Whence all the shining, shimmering glamour of life had fled.

Almost I thought her a queen, so splendidly simple she stood;
Almost I thought her a poet in the arms of an elate mood.

Until I saw the day look down at her from the blue
In vain, and the night look up in vain; then I knew

That virginal, consecrate, lone must sunset forever be,
Taking her mystic way to the heart of eternity.

Aye, and my soul stood there, too, at the utter edge of the world,
Plighted, like her, and elate, in golden wonder furled.

* * *

The poetry of Caresse and Harry Crosby is a romantic episode, and we will consider their review a joint survey. Their artistic publications are: *Graven Images* (Houghton, Mifflin, 1926), and *Painted Shores* (Édition Narcisse, Paris, 1927) by Caresse Crosby; and *Sonnets For Caresse* (Messein, Paris, 1926), and *Red Skeletons* (Édition Narcisse, 1927) by Harry Crosby. *Painted Shores* is illustrated with three water-colours by François Quelvée; *Red Skeleton* is illustrated by Alastair.

One soon finds in the pages of these handsome publications that these poets love each other and both love beauty, art, and Paris. In *Painted Shores* Mrs. Crosby writes: "This poem is for Harry Crosby," and quotes from E. E. Cummings:

> "Yours is the music for no instrument,
> Yours the preposterous colour unbeheld."

Mr. Crosby makes return to her thus in *Sonnets For Caresse* with the words of Ezra Pound:

> "So hath the boon been given, by the poets of old time
> (Dante to Beatrice—an I profane not—)
> Yet with my lesser power, shall I not strive
> To give it Thee?"

This note of love in crescendo is expressed in *Graven Images*:

> With you I have known beauty in the night,
> And watched with you the loveliness of dawn
> Come stealing to our window down the lawn,
> Until again the poetry of day's flight

With dusk obscured the murmur of our kiss,
Muffling with velvet touch our beating hearts.
Hours for rapture ere the dark departs.
Evening and morning held alike their bliss.
Each moment spent with you passed far too swift.
The feet of Time came dancing down our way,
And so I drained the sweetness of each day,
To lose no shining fragment of the gift,
With you I have known all love's radiant hours
And gathered them like fragrant, dewy flowers.

Again Mrs. Crosby writes of their beloved Paris :

Most fair and fragile city. Souveraine
Most sweetly garmented. With miscreant eyes,
With delicate white fingers lain crosswise
To arch the riband silkness of the Seine—
That ringarounds thy waist, engirdles, twines,
Then falls and flutters to thy skirts, wide-hemmed
With broidery of lives and loves, and gemmed
With gardens gay, and silvery, marching lines
Of poplars. On thy breast the moon-white gleam
Of carven memories. In thy hair the shine
Of soft rose-flaring lights. Eyes bright with wine,
Where laughter laughs and mystery waits in dream.
Thy bodice holding treasures manifold,
White marble loveliness, and ivory and gold.

Idolatry in *Sonnets for Caresse* gives the keynote of the richness of thought reflected by these books :

Midst purple shadows in a forest dense
The Druid priests came seeking sapience
Beneath the sacred oak. And unafraid,
The ancient Hindus of the phallus made
Their god. In India a serpent king
Held sway, and in the Persian rites they sing
Songs to the sun. The Christian mourns the loss
Of Jesus Christ Who died upon the cross.

Each soul must have its god so I choose thee
To take the place of sun and moon and stars,
To be for me the odour of the rose,
To be for me the turquoise of the sea,
To be for me the nectar in the jars
Of magic love. In Thee I seek repose.

ALICE HUNT BARTLETT.

* * *

The Editor of *The Harp*, Belpre, Kansas, U.S.A., advises us that he is " particularly interested in new writers and a possible market for them," and that he " needs short poems under 16 lines."

REVELATION

PRAIRIE born, prairie bred,
He never saw the sea;
Or knew he was the child of one
Who sailed the Zuyder Zee.

He never saw the ocean but
Had crossed its mystic deep,
Curled up beneath his mother's heart,
In dreamless un-born sleep.

He wondered why the shifting dunes,
Around their barren home,
Were strangely arabesqued and ridged
As if by circling foam.

He never knew the mile on mile
Of staring sage-brush plain
Once held within its sandy sweep
An ocean's swelling main.

He marvelled why he dreamed of ships,
All drenched with sandy spray,
When sultry night drove down the west
The sun-scorched blistered day.

He pondered why his mother wept,
And why she held him fast,
And crooned a sobbing song of waves
And broken spar and mast.

But when the parched and tortured plain
Called down the twisted cloud
That wrapped them both within its black
And fearful twisted shroud—

He learned the secret of the sands
That flowed the inland sea,
And of his mother's unwed love—
Drowned—in the Zuyder Zee.

CLYDE ROBERTSON.

THE WINGED HORSE

AN event of unique importance has taken place in the Republic Theatre in New York City —the presentation of *Porgy*, by Dubose and Dorothy Heyward. It is a series of days in the usual negro life of Charleston, North Carolina—so actually picked up and set down within the play that youngsters were really taken from the street to enact its realism. Of particular poetic interest is the way the movement of the play lapses into song—overtones of tragedy, joy or religious fervour rising above the moment of the play. Characters pass into singing, into swaying, into gesturing of hands, and as naturally pass from it into words again, without changing the normalness of the action, until, during the performance, the reason for folk poetry seems lived before us. Not alone are we given one of the most completely perfect dramatic productions of our decade, we have here the best of negro spirituals rendered in their traditional manner, and are easily given to see how poetic expression is actuated and imbedded in the life of a people.

Strangely enough, it is with the same consciousness, we finished reading *The Winged Horse*, by Joseph Auslander and Frank Ernest Hill (Doubleday Page Co.). For here occurs this over-tone of singing in many eras and parts of the world. This book treasures the words of the centuries, where song rose out of different countries to give expression to their individual ways and growth. The inspired lapses into poetry during triumphs, uncertainties, pastoral leisurelessness, religious contentions and so on, are spread before the young people with all their historic flavour and romance. Just what the two authors elected to give them, indicates their knowledge of youth and that they deserve its confidence. The reviewers generally admit that *The Winged Horse* has some fallacies, some omissions and exaggerations, but also that it has entered upon a fine harvest of youthful attention which no other book has so well courted. A child of ten cannot read this successfully by himself, unless the names of old writers are well known to him. But that is no reason why some parent or friend should not go through this wonderful territory with him and have the especial pleasure of the experience together. It belongs to most children by the age of twelve.

The joint authors take examples which should be most intriguing to the young people of to-day. For instance, from early English history: "A Norseman left his ship to come over and try to make the English pay money to him and his companions. He waded out into the river until he could talk to the English who were on the bank, and shouted:

> "Swift-faring seamen have sent me to thee—
> Bade me to tell thee that thou must quickly
> Send rings for ransom; well that you rather
> Buy off with bracelets the brunt of our spear rush
> Than we should share sharp burden of battle.

Metre like this had a swing to it and helped the poets to make songs and tell stories."

During the tale of the beginnings of poetry, problems of rythm and metre and choice of words are undertaken and disposed of with the solution in charming lines before us.

The young reader can pick and choose what he likes best from such chapters as "Blind Homer," "Pegasus in Greece," "Petrarch and his Laura," "The Ballad-Makers," "Queen Elizabeth's Poets," "The Sun Treader," "The Brownings," "Under Steam and Stone," and many another captivating title. The book gives youth a long look down the years and matches poetic emergings against poetic sophistication. The first centuries held much of the best inspiration. Poetry has since become cultivated, more studied and self-conscious. It often seems less of a people, more of a person, than originally, even though still the product of environment and chaotic pressures. One writer seems to have to wear the burden of himself—his ecstacies, his philosophies, his darkest passions—as well as adjust himself to his age. Worse yet, his work may not accord with the desired "style," a factor that very often diverts from spontaneous singing.

The many times that writers take the bit in their teeth and do what poetry itself prompts should encourage right creative matter as its spirit comes home to young readers. After the Story comes a long reading list which should be the feast after the appetite has been invited. It is for the youth of the English-speaking countries to demonstrate the outcome of such inspiration as *The Winged Horse*.

HELEN HARTNESS FLANDERS.

The second Annual American Poetry Week, organized by the New York Federation of Women's Clubs, with our member, Miss Anita Browne, as Poetry Chairman, was held from May 20th to 27th. The Poetry Society was directly associated with the festival through our Pittsburgh president, Mrs. Marie Tello Phillips, who contributed to the programme, and a feature was made of the reading of the leading poems in the Poetry Review's international contests. Some particulars of the scope and inauguration of this National Poetry Week were given in our January issue.

* * *

Three members of the Pittsburgh Chapter of the Poetry Society were delegates to the 31st Annual Congress of the National League of American Pen-Women, which includes a great many members particularly concerned with Poetry, and Mrs. Galen C. Hartman, the Pittsburgh P.S. Secretary, attended as a delegate the 37th conference of the Daughters of the American Revolution held in Washington last month, and was present at a very novel ceremony at which Sir Esme Howard, the English Ambassador, presented the Society with an English flag.

POETRY AND WORDS

IN *Poetry in Schools* (University of London Press, 6s.) Dr. J. Hubert Jagger has produced that rare thing, an essential book, a book that might have been written by or for the Poetry Society. A number of volumes in recent years that have claimed to deal with poetic appreciation have been compiled by the elocution teacher, and have approached poetry from the elocutionist stand-point as something on which to exercise the voice, and really a secondary matter to verse-speaking. Mr. Jagger very ably deals with poetic appreciation and applies to classroom work the latest principles of psychology and criticism. He writes from experience which gives authority to two assumptions underlying his arguments. The first is that ordinarily, children are interested in poetic experience for the same reason that adult lovers of poetry are interested in it. It is obvious that the objects and phases of experience which interest the child most strongly are not the same as the objects and phases of experience which interest the adult most strongly. The second assumption is that the child is affected by the same elements in poetic form as appeal to the adult. It is assumed that susceptibility to these is innate in normal children, although through neglect it may fail to develop, and through wrong treatment it may be distorted. That the æsthetic perception of children is blunt and needs to be refined, most teachers would regard as axiomatic. Mr. Jagger thinks it is a natural and fortunate fact that the lyric has thus become the poetry chiefly read in schools, and that the short lyric is also the predominant form in the poetry produced by living English writers. "It is the intensest form of poetry; in it the personality of the poet has the freest play; it is, so to speak, the most poetical kind of poetry." As Dr. Jagger points out, "the English lyric exhibits an unsurpassed range of emotion, subject, and form. It displays all the complexity of human existence, and every conceivable situation is within its scope. It expresses the spirit of the British race. To-day it is in touch with the national life. That being so, an acquaintance with it is a very valuable part of education. Indeed, seeing that it is now interpreting the English character in perhaps a fuller way than any other art, an Englishman who has no knowledge of it cannot be said to be properly educated."

The meaning of appreciation, and how it can be developed, and its importance to the individual are clearly set forth by Dr. Jagger, who is very explicit on questions of metre and rhymes and the many uses of words as the raw material of poetry. But he never succumbs to "the first distemper of learning when men study words and not matter." Mr. Jagger is actuated throughout by a deep regard for poetry which is the elaboration of Hazlitt's dictum, "man is a poetical animal. . . . He who has a contempt for poetry cannot have much respect for himself, or for anything else." For, as Mr. Jagger himself sums up, "Anyone who has acquired a contempt for poetry, or who has not come to love it, is deprived of part of his birthright. For

poetry makes a happy mind, widens sympathy, and increases understanding. Children whose love of poetry has never been destroyed are more likely to be eager to live and to experience, less likely to be apathetic, less likely to give way to base pleasures than those who have ceased to care for it. Their feeling for rhythm will have been subtilized and their emotions refined. When grown up, they might have a passion for heroic conduct because of what they learnt in the poetry lesson, and they will be more efficient in work. Poetry is the cheapest of all pleasures, and the most elevating. It is no futile amusement; it is a source of sweetness and energy for the strong, and a sovereign remedy for the wounds of life." In consequence poetry is of the utmost importance in education and Mr. Jagger is an admirable and sound guide to the uses and understanding of it.

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Poetry and the plays of Shakespeare apparently hold but half their pleasure for Mr. G. H. Rylands before he has, so to speak, "pulled them to pieces." In *Words and Poetry* (Hogarth Press, 10s. 6d.) he gives us a very clear and interesting exposition of the choice of the words that are so vital a factor of the greatness of English poetry. Mr. Rylands has divided his book into two parts, the first of which deals with Words in Poetry, and the second with the use of words in the works of Shakespeare with special reference to his diction and style. Although it is this latter part of the book which shows the author at his best, yet whatever realm of poetry he touches upon, he is always easy to understand and illuminating, and the many quotations reveal a very intimate knowledge of the corpus of our great poets. This book, containing an excellent introduction by Mr. Lytton Strachey, is an endless fund of interest, to both the casual reader and the student of the why and wherefore of the great poetry and drama, who will find particularly the chapters dealing with symbolism and adjectives corrective of much current nonsense on these subjects. Mr. Rylands is not prejudiced against the adjective, nor even against a profusion of them. He agrees with Caperwit, in Shirley's *The Changes*:

> "I will maintain it against
> A bundle of grammarians, in poetry
> The substantive itself cannot subsist
> Without its adjective."

He notices the repeated use in English verse of such epithets as "bright" and "golden," with the many variants which modern poets scarcely dare to adopt, and he is very sane in his remarks on symbolism, examining the symbolic use of the moon, the rose, the orchard, the garden, amber and ivory, which always have been and still are the current coin of poetry, in spite of de la Mare's complaint:

> "Hast thou then nought wiser to bring
> Than worn-out songs of moon and rose?"

On the pictorial and descriptive use of the rose, Mr. Rylands has much to say, since it has been constant in English poetry from the time of Spenser, who borrowed it from Ronsard, when the Renaissance rose was the hot-house variety, with French petals and an Alexandrine scent. In the latter section of the book, dealing with the diction of Shakespeare, the poet is shown as having followed Spenser in his fondness for the rose, which very curiously ceases to appear after "Hamlet." The magical use of adjectives and of symbolism, and poetic devices is lucidly dealt with in this book, Mr. Rylands insisting, as "this is the conclusion of the whole matter," that "poetic diction is no more than a consecrated code of symbols and passwords, the language of the heart."

* * *

It is with great pleasure that we greet the first of a set of five books of English verse to be included by the Oxford University Press in their *World's Classics*. The compiler, Mr. W. Peacock, has endeavoured to choose the best and only the best, and intends to illustrate the history of our poetry as well as give us a selection of the greatest English verse. In his attempt to furnish a "corpus" of the poetry of England, Mr. Peacock has provided us with a most excellent collection of early poems—a collection the like of which has surely never before been produced at the price of over 400 pages for 2s. This book contains many poems seldom seen in anthologies in addition to all the old favourites. Particularly we notice that there are three complete sections taken from the *Canterbury Tales*, an unusually large amount for any collection of this kind, and also great credit is due to the way in which the Shakespearean excerpts are arranged.

* * *

In a book of verse by S. de V. Julius (*Poems*, Longmans, 6s.) we find a poet who is serious and thoughtful. Mr. Julius has a gift for writing rhythmical poetry, and expresses himself in language that is full of beautiful and original images . . . to quote a few short instances :

"Winter. . . That Cooper of the North who turns the cask."

"Old Autumn, vintner of aroma'd winds."

Of Sleep . . .

"Forgotten when unneeded, yet most true
When sentence hath condemned day's fetter'd pain."

Again . . .

"O Queen of Nurses in Life's Hospital!
Thou only hast th' unchallengeable skill
To aid the sufferers in the wards of Hell
The wavering strength of Patience to regain."

Often majestical, always dignified, and seriously contemplative Mr. Julius should be read for his matter and his manner.

Yet another great scholar has turned his hand to the plays of Aristophanes. Dr. Arthur Way has added to his many classical translations a version in English verse (Macmillan, 10s. 6d. net), the first volume of which contains the Acharnians, Knights, Clouds, Wasps, Peace, and Birds. Dr. Way is a racy translator, and the book is full of merry puns, which often seem to beat the efforts of all those translators who have put their brains to the difficult problem of making the ingenious word-play of the original Greek seem equally good in our own tongue. In a most interesting introduction, the translator deals with the history and manners of the time of Aristophanes, and particularly arresting is the section in which Dr. Way points out that under similar conditions, history repeats itself. For example, there are in the comedies, written when Athens was passing through a period of war and internal unrest very like that of the World War, references to war profiteers, conscientious objectors, domestic difficulties, higher wages, doles, and many other evils that are present with us at the present time. The book is a by-way of learning, and the footnotes should provide the compilers of general knowledge tests with an inexhaustible fund of questions. It is entertaining to find that the phrase " Silly as a cuckoo " originated in Attica, and that the Athenians did not boil, but roasted their haggis ! This translation makes the plays a pleasure to read for the man who has no knowledge of the original text, but who is perfectly capable of appreciating the humour of Aristophanes, and it is an admirable work for the scholar to use, for him to read after hard work expended on the intricate problems with which the comedies abound, for him to enjoy as he sees the ever-present wit of Dr. Way, which is apparent in every page of this clever translation.

* * *

Another comparison of the times of Aristophanes with the present day comes from Mr. Marshall MacGregor (*The Birds and the Frogs*, Arnold) who draws a most interesting parallel between the Attic dramatist and Sir W. S. Gilbert. Though, as Mr. MacGregor points out, great changes have taken place in the style of comedy since the day of Aristophanes, yet in the fact that both writers include in their work a wealth of topical allusion are they alike. Both, as Dr. Way also has pointed out, deride the characters of their own time whom they find objectionable, as, for instance, the æsthetes who are ridiculed in Gilbert's *Patience* and in the *Clouds* of Aristophanes. Mr. MacGregor's translations are full of wit and the book is handsomely produced.

* * *

In Mr. Joseph Braddock's book, *The Pilgrim Shadow* (Duckworth, 6s.) we find that he is a poet who keeps to a very high standard of sincere and delicate writing throughout his work. His keen imagination has helped to give us a very charming book of verse that shows us that he has a deep, restrained passion for all that is beautiful, and he is never for one moment commonplace or uninteresting.

The libretto of the Cambridge production of *King Arthur* in a delightful booklet (Cambridge University Press, 2s.) makes very interesting reading. Mr. Dennis Arundell, in his excellent introduction, tells us that this opera was originally written by Dryden with Grabu, the Frenchman, as composer. The production failed, mainly from external causes, and the author re-wrote the book, with Purcell as collaborator. Though the work was this time a success, yet up till February this year the opera had never been performed since the seventeenth century in the way its authors intended. The play has accordingly been printed in the style of the period and includes those songs which Purcell omitted from his score. Dryden's plot moves along quickly in his virile verse, and the songs bring back very pleasant memories of the composer's fine music.

* * *

In his new book consisting almost entirely of Nature poems (*The Secret Meadow and Other Poems*, Faber and Gwyer, 5s.), C. Henry Warren shows us a great and sincere love of everything and everyone that can be seen or heard in the country. His wonderful power over words is seen to the very best advantage in this volume. All the phases of the seasons, and all the changes have some particular beauty for him, and he describes them to us in musical and living verse. His power of homely simile is well illustrated in this short poem :

" Tea-time is over ; Grace has been said.
The platter of the sun He puts away,
Then closes the cupboard door.
For a while you rest in a room that's ember lit
'Til comes the moon
And you wander away to bed."

* * *

The title poem in Mr. T. S. Ewing's *The Elopement of Lady Beatrix* (Norrie, Amersham) is the most successful one. The story, which is told in six ballads, is in some places truly reminiscent of the style of the old ballads ; in Mr. Ewing's other verses he is not so successful in his experiment. More sustained is the verse of Mr. Reddie Mallet. All the humour that Mr. Mallet gets out of life, and also all the humour that he expects to get *after* life he has put into his book (*Poems from Beyond*, Watts and Co., 7s. 6d.). He has a gift for composing neat little satirical sayings in ingenious metres.

* * *

Modern poets do not look at life with a very optimistic eye. The Hogarth Press have shown us three different view-points, the pleasant, the unpleasant, and the very unpleasant, in the first three volumes of a new series,[1] which we assume are intended to be representative of " living poets." They do not give us much hope. The little cause

[1] *Hogarth Living Poets*, 1, 2, 3 (Hogarth Press).

for a bright outlook for the future comes from Frances Cornford, who has already some reputation. She describes life with an affectionate pen, and draws us delightful word-pictures in all her poetry. Dorothy Wellesley, who is acting as editor, has not produced a very great work in *Matrix*. The idea that pervades the whole book is repeated continuously, and the poem might well have been considerably compressed. But *It was not Jones*, by R. Fitzurse, is a meaningless and disgusting piece of writing. The author sets out to be as obscene and unpleasant as he possibly can, and—in his own words—he has " carried the thing so far as such things be carried can," and really much further ; again to apply to Mr. Fitzurse's words,

" Here is a barrenness of the inspiration,
Here is a species of sterility of the mind,
An impotence and a flatulence combined with constipation of the brain,
When every cerebral contortion's vain."

* * *

Very different from this too free verse is the work of Mr. Gilbert Thomas. Mr. Thomas has a gift of writing verse that is very easy to read, and his imagination provides us with some delightful visions. In the poems in *Mary of Huntingdon* (Allen and Unwin, Ltd., 3s. 6d.), the poet is never harsh or crude, and, moreover, he fits matter to manner, as for instance in *Red Sky at Morning* :

I drew the blind on Christmas Morn.
The sky was one riot of red.
Its glory told me Christ was born,
Yet filled my soul with dread.

Against the dawn's too radiant light,
There stood a solitary Tree.
Its naked arms were black as night,
And grim with prophecy.

In the longer poems in the book we notice that quiet spirituality which is a feature of the works of Mr. Thomas.

* * *

Margot Robert Adamson does Scotland credit in *A Northern Holiday* (Cobden-Sanderson, 5s.). She is a most observant lover of the open-air life and she puts in her poems a great deal of the atmosphere of outdoor expeditions. Her verse never grows too dull, and she gives us several original images. Although, perhaps, she might be accused of " juggling " with the numerous place-names, that abound in this book, nevertheless, it is a volume that will appeal to all those who have at heart the love of Scotland and the north.

THE PREMIUM EDITOR'S REPORT

The standard of work submitted has deteriorated. At least this is the opinion of an adjudicator who has been acquainted hitherto with the excellent examples of contributors' work printed in the POETRY REVIEW: to see the unwinnowed work *en masse* does not impress one so favourably. The premium is divided equally between E. Joyce Harrison (Lincoln) for "A Sky Lark lies a-dying," and Frederic Kemp for "Chinese Vignette" and "Walt Whitman." (These three poems stand out from the other entries as successful works of art within their own range—they achieve their aim.)

Almost all the work sent in could have been improved by more revision. Some quite good verse is spoilt by faults which a little more self-criticism might have eradicated. As a whole contributors seem far too easily satisfied.

It is not perhaps beside the mark to remind contributors that until one has transmitted some real and vivid impression into equally real and vivid language one has not written a poem, mere 'philosophising' or 'sentimentalising' is not enough.

The following are highly commended for one or more poems submitted:—

Bella Flaccus,
K. L. MacCuaig,
Ruth Clay Price,
B. Annakin,
Margaret G. Rice,
A. Ponsonby.
M. Newton,
Dulcie Greville,
Francis Edwin,
H. Atherton Nicols,
Silvia Dobson,
Edith M. Walker,
E. Joyce Harrison,
Grace Parrish,

On the *Commended List* we place the following:

Atherton Nichols,
Nancy Pollok,
Bertha Skeat,
Hugh Moorland,
Easter Samms,
M. MacKillop-Brown,
Leonard Collingham,
G. E. Merrick,
Loftus Dale,
Ann K. Spero,
Edyth S. Beves,
E. A. Cullabine,
John Purdie,
Noel Allport,
Mary A. Woodward,
Ellen Coit Elliot,
Cyril G. Taylor,
Blanche Lee,
Beatrice Eve,
Silvia H. Dobson,
Dora Burton,
E. Joyce Harrison,
Grace Harris,
M. Newton,
M. T. Binnington,
Helena Derezinska,
D. H. Verder,
E. Hall Hains,
Julia Boynton Green,
G. W. Eustace,
T. E. Casson,
G. W. Lacey,
Francis Daft,
John Nance,

Ruth Clay Price, Vera I. Arlett,
K. L. MacCuaig, Elizabeth Alden.

Disappointment is expressed at the little interest accorded to the editorial references last month to an important matter affecting all fellow-workers in verse and to the proposals for an occasional volume limited to a few POETRY REVIEWERS, and more exclusive than the present "Extra," Miss A. E. Mackay has undertaken the editorial work of the "New Numbers," the first volume of which has been arranged for in collaboration with a selected number of colleagues, and will be published in the autumn.

* * *

Among the Fellowship Books demanding attention is *Place Poems* (Jarrold, 1s.) by the Rev. Francis Keeling Scott, in which we find vivid descriptions of places in England, Egypt, and Palestine, with which Mr. Scott is evidently acquainted at first hand. Jerusalem and Karnac in particular are tersely described. Coralie Howard Haman also writes good descriptive verse (*Poems*, Llano Louisiana Publications). Her stories and legends in verse are effectively told. The main poem in the book is a moologue on Heresy, written in a style that is distinctly reminiscent of Browning. *Ecstasy*, by Elaine M. Catley (Ryerson Press, Toronto, 50 cents) is an all-too-small "Chap Book," which contains but eight poems that are, however, sufficient to show that thr author is capable of writing very delicate and appealing verse. Our good friend Benjamin Musser, of Atlantic City, in *Untamed* (Henry Harrison, $1.50) gives us a book of miscellaneous poems that draw on his large fund of original ideas and show that he can also write good sonnets. In *The Immortal Story* (Drane) Mr. Fred Saxby presents stories from classical mythology in verse that flows easily and is always dignified. Mr. Saxby has also added a useful appendix of explanatory notes with reference to the many allusions throughout the book.

The Oracle has published a selection of its contributions in *The Oracle Anthology of Poetry*, 1927 (Broder, Gloucester, Mass., $2.50). This collection is representative of the more active younger American poets, and among those whose work is included are our friends Isabel F. Fiske, Michael Fraenkel, May F. Hoisington, Edith N. Hoisington, and R. Mercier Montgomery.

* * *

The Cambridge University Press have published *An English Prosody on Inductive Lines*, by Sir George Young, Bart. The author's aim has been to investigate the practice of the greatest English poets, and to lay down the rules of verse as found to have been observed by them. His work is, thus, to some extent, a history of English versification.

An edition of Marlowe's *Tragical History of Dr. Faustus*, with an introduction and notes by Mr. A. H. Sleight, is being added immediately by the Cambridge University Press to its "English Literature for Schools" series.

$100 (£20) for Poems "Packed with Thought"

Believing, with Horace, that in poetry it is not sufficient to combine well-chosen words in a well-ordered line, the American Section of The Poetry Review will hold, as its sixteenth international poetry contest, a contest for poems "packed with thought," for which Mr. Charles Alva Lane, V.P., has provided us with one hundred dollars. Contributors may select their own subject and the form, but must not exceed fifty-six lines. The subject may range from romantic notions and emotions to the most profound arts, philosophies, or man's achievements. The depth of thought and clearness of expression in the treatment of the subject-matter of the poem will determine the winners. This contest will complete the trilogy of ethical scientific poetry contests, the first of which was for the best poem on the subject of "Civilization" offered by the International Science Forum. Entries must reach the American Editor, Mrs. Alice Hunt Bartlett, 299 Park Avenue, New York, on or before October 15th, 1928.

* * *

$100 (£20) For Poems on Flight

A prize of $100 for the best poems about flying achievements has been offered through the American editor of the Poetry Review, by Mrs. Charles D. Dickey, V.P. Competitors may select their own subject and deal with the conquest of the air generally, or with one or more such stupendous achievements as the transatlantic, North Pole, transpolar, transcontinental, round the world, and other great flights of the airmen of all nations, but the poems must not exceed 56 lines. Entries must reach Mrs. Alice Hunt Bartlett, Editor, American Section of The Poetry Review, 299 Park Avenue, New York, before October 1st. The general premium rules and conditions apply and the decision of the Editors in awarding the premium must be accepted as final.

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Mr. W. K. Lewis offers another three guineas as a premium for poems on "Sleep"—one of the most wonderful and apparently miraculous things in human life. MSS. should be addressed "The Lewis Premium, The Poetry Review, 16 Featherstone Buildings, London, W.C.1," to reach the Editor not later than July 23rd.

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The usual premium of £2 for the best poem or poem submitted to the Premium Editor during the month (without limitation of subject) is continued. Any MSS. should be addressed to "The Premium Editor," the Poets' Fellowship, The Poetry Review Office, before August 1st, accompanied by stamped addressed envelope, or international coupon, and, if criticism is desired, 2s. 6d. (If a more detailed postal criticism is desired, 5s. should be sent.)

The Progress of The Poetry Society

The nineteenth annual general business meeting of The Poetry Society (Incorporated) was held at the offices of the Society on May 4th, Mrs. Mends Gibson, president of the Kensington Centre, presiding in the absence in America of the President-General, the Lady Maud Warrender.

The Treasurer, Mr. C. Oscar Gridley, in presenting the annual financial statement, as audited, said " We again have to congratulate ourselves upon having had an exceptionally satisfactory year's work, and also a substantially better financial statement than we had last year. The total income has increased materially, especially with regard to subscriptions and auditions, and The Poetry Review also shows considerably improved receipts for sales and advertisements. The net result is that the Society had a credit balance in hand of cash and deposits of £752 6s. 8d., against £536 17s. 2d. the previous year, and £500 had been invested in war loan. He was pleased to be able to report a further expansion in receipts during the first three months of the present year. The report was received as being highly gratifying and was adopted with expressions of thanks to the Treasurer for his careful administration and regard for the Society's well-being.

The Director's report dealt with the year's activities, which have been recorded in The Poetry Review as the gazette of the Society, and was received with applause.

The elective members of the General Council were re-elected, with thanks for their services. Votes of thanks were also passed to the hon. auditor, Mr. G. L. Hawker, who was re-elected, the hon. solicitor, Mr. G. Murray Smith, the presidents and secretaries of Centres, and the overseas representatives of the Society.

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The General Council of The Poetry Society (Incorporated), at its annual meeting on June 8th, re-elected the Lady Maud Warrender President-General of the Society. Mr. C. Oscar Gridley was re-elected Treasurer.

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After the July 3rd (Matthew Arnold) and July 17th (Time and Eternity) meetings the meetings of the Hampstead Centre will be suspended until the autumn. The meetings are held at Miss Julie Huntsman's Studio, 150 Finchley Road, N.W.3, at 7.45 p.m. Hon. Secretary, Mr. J. F. Tilly, 32 Camden Square, N.W.1.

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As will be seen from our calendar, July 27th is the centenary of the birth of Thomas Campbell. " The Bard of Hope " was the son of a Glasgow merchant. He was thrice elected Lord Rector of Glasgow University. *The English Review* for June contains an article by Edmund Blunden on Campbell's patriotic poetry.

MARCUS S. C. RICKARDS. *An Appreciation.*

Miss Petronella O'Donnell writes : A dreamy-eyed poet wandering by the opal-tinted, fast-flowing channel waters of Clevedon in Somerset ; it is thus one thinks of the Rev. Marcus Rickards, the author of a great many books of verse, whose death was briefly noted in the last issue of THE POETRY REVIEW. Mr. Marcus Rickards wrote many beautiful poems and his love of nature, his knowledge of bird life and insect life, and his deep, metaphysical brain were apparent in all of them. Perhaps it is because he had this intense love of the beautiful in nature that he chose Clevedon the beautiful for his home ! Clevedon is as a pearl set on the grey cliff, pine-wed, flushed with the wine of sunset, the bride of the Channel ; the coquette who dimples in her reflection in the glass-like summer sea, who hides her beauty in the gossamer veil of autumn mists, who listens to the love story of the great White Moon that climbs o'er Deal Hill o' nights under an indigo, star-powdered sky ! Perhaps of the many volumes published by Mr. Rickards the best known are *Creation's Hope*, *The Clock of Arba*, *The Exiles*, *Musings and Melodies*, and my own favourite *Twilight Music*. Mr. Rickards was, I believe, a lawyer before he took Holy Orders. He resided many years in Clifton, and Clifton rivalled Clevedon in his affections. Some of his happiest memories, however, were connected with London, he being a close friend of Alice Meynell and Francis Thompson.

One would have picked out Mr. Marcus Rickards as being a poet if one saw him in the crowd—certainly walking in his dreamy way by the lonely shores of Clevedon one knew by instinct the charming personality that points to one in harmony with the universe ! A man of great intellect, an Oxford man, yet there was something of the child, the boy, in this poet of nature, whose works reminded one instinctively of Wordsworth. Time is at peace with Marcus Rickards, he can never grow old ! His songs of the birds, and the birds' songs ! There is such a boyish rapture in them all. His wonderful knowledge of the bird shines through them all. I seem to hear his pleading voice as I write saying how he now regrets that when the world was very young he has been guilty of robbing a bird's nest !

Mr. Rickards possessed a great and intimate knowledge of the works of the poets, and was adverse from the present mode of the rushing into print of the many who have not had the proper education with regard to verse-construction, and study of the works of the great minds of the past.

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The Criterion (Faber & Gwynn) has reverted to a quarterly with the June issue (7s. 6d.). In addition to a surprisingly lucid and sympathetic review of the poetry of D. G. Rossetti, we are specially interested in an editorial reference to the production of Mr. Masefield's " mystery play " which is more outspoken than Mr. Arthur

Hood's comment in our leading review article. We quote the conclusion: "we question whether such an entertainment serves any cause of religion or art. The poetry is pedestrian, machine-made Shakespearean iambics; the imagery is full of Birmingham spirits and Sheffield shepherds. The theological orthodoxy is more than doubtful? the literary incompetence is more than certain. Mr. Masefield, though his intentions were no doubt praiseworthy, is neither a simple natural Christian (if such exist among men of letters) nor a skilled theologian, nor, indeed, a master of the art of poetry. The play is therefore representative neither of mediæval feeling nor of modern feeling. We venture to counsel our spiritual pastors, that they should see to it either that they employ artists who are definite in their theology, or else who are really good artists."

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The American Museum of Natural History, facing Central Park, New York City, has this season built and opened a new marine wing, ample and beautiful. It wished to have an inscription for the wall relating to the undersea; and asked members of the Poetry Society to offer some brief poems. The one chosen was by Sara Teasdale, and, when it was found that two could be used, another was chosen from the poems submitted; it was by Isabel Fiske Conant. The two follow:

They live and have their being in the vast
Ocean that teemed before the land was green.
They keep the secret of the farthest past;
Children of water; silent and serene.

This so-called dark and silent undersea,
What if its colours throw off sound and song?
What if this seaweed's waving forestry,
These buoyant folk that swim the depth along,
Were choral as the birds among their branches,
And if these burnished scales that specialize
Past sight and sound in their unfathomed ranches!
Find wonder that eludes our ears and eyes?
What if this sea were rhythmic with a story,
Not earth's, but only differing in glory?

Isabel Fiske Conant occupies what may be called a Chair of Poetry in Scoville School, which is probably the only private school that offers just this type of course.

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Members resident in the Chelsea area and others who wish to be attached to it are requested to attend a meeting at 8.30 p.m. on July 12th at 15 Upper Cheyne Row, S.W.3, for the purpose of reconstituting the Chelsea Centre.

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The Kensington Centre's reading at the Sesame Club on July 5th, has been postponed until the autumn.

SIR JOHNSTON FORBES-ROBERTSON'S ADVICE TO VERSE-SPEAKERS

SIR JOHNSTON FORBES-ROBERTSON, who adjudicated at the spring recital by candidates for the Gold Medal of the Poetry Society, and heard the London finalists for the Shakespeare Recitals Gold Medal, on May 15th, in announcing his awards said: "It has been very difficult for me to make up my mind and I may tell you, incidentally, that I hate making up my mind! I think the average speaking is very good. I will now give the awards and then I will indulge in some abuse." He awarded the Shakespeare Gold Medal to Miss Janet Fletcher-Porter (*Twelfth Night*, Act II, sc. 4), and he highly commended Misses Marjorie Mart and Jessie Holloway (*Macbeth*, Act V) and Mr. W. Opie (*Merchant of Venice*, Act IV, sc. 1). The Gold Medal of The Poetry Society he awarded to Miss Elsie I. Howell, Miss Sybil Ferguson, Miss Helen Blumenthal, and Miss Beatrice Rose, and highly commended Miss Joan Waddington, Miss Mary Moore, Mrs. T. Minshall, Miss Josephine Fyffe, Miss Irene Palmer, and Miss Etheldreda Smith.

Sir Johnston continued: "I think all of you have pronounced your vowels very well, but you have not taken advantage of your consonants. If you, so to speak, 'get hold' of your consonants, your words will penetrate in a large hall even without raising your voice very much. The great thing for a reciter or actor is to be heard; that is the first thing: all the acting and the useful inflections and intonations are of no use unless you are heard, and it is mainly through consonants that the speaker is heard. Let them sound distinctly, like pistol shots. You will particularly find the difficulty in forcing out, as it were, the consonants at the end of a word, paragraph, or line; there is a difficulty to hold them up at the end, but hold up and then you will be heard without lifting your voice at all. I noticed that the 'h' is not touched upon in such words as which, when, and where. It is very valuable in these words. I remember sitting by an actor at a club when he happened to speak of a 'wale.' I said to him, 'My dear fellow, why do you say 'wale' and not 'whale'? and he turned to me, very indignantly, and said, "I suppose you're one of those affected people who say 'which, when, and where.' On my left Comyns Carr was sitting and he said, 'And would you say "wich and ware were the gems she wore"?'

"There is another thing that I might generalize on and that is the need always to 'keep the bellows full' in order that you may hold up the last two or three words of a sentence, paragraph, or line. The tendency—not that I have noticed it much to-night—is to let the voice go down and the words at the end of a line disappear. Two or three

times I did not hear the last word or two; very often these are key words to the whole business. It is the hardest thing to do in the world, and you have to watch yourself all the time. You must keep your end up—keep right on to the end; don't anticipate it. Also avoid 'singing,' and if you have anything pathetic or sad about yourself—if you are representing a person in great distress—don't cry too much about your own troubles! Cry about other peoples', but not your own, it does not appeal to the emotions of the audience! There is a feeling of contempt about it; keep it 'dry' as much as you can. Therefore, avoid singing, avoid monotony, speak naturally and simply, and be very careful to keep away from any affectations of pronunciation. There are certain ways of speaking nowadays which I look upon as very affected. Sometimes people think they must give the absolute vowel sound. You know speech changes—pronunciation is fluid, it changes from generation to generation. I have noticed during the last ten or twelve years even important actors and orators have a way of saying '*my* lords and gentlemen.' 'My' is an ugly sound, any way, and we have got to look out for the pretty sounds. For heaven's sake, my dear young friends, stick to the old way, 'milords and gentlemen.' Read out loud that speech of Queen Katherine's in which there occur so many 'milords' first in the latest manner of '*my* lord' and then in the old manner, and see for yourselves how ugly the former sounds. So keep up the end sounds and also practice yourself to remember a particular tone that you have used, perhaps through three or four lines, and do not repeat that tone, change it, only don't *sing* it. Speak faithfully and, above all, simply; simplicity is the beginning and end of the whole matter."

Verse-Speaking Examinations: New Test Pieces

The Examinations Advisory Board of The Poetry Society (Inc.) have drawn up the following test pieces for use after the present summer term in the verse-speaking examinations, and the Council of the Society have adopted them.

Certificate Class—Junior: *Home Thoughts from Abroad* (R. Browning). Senior: *To thine own Self* (24 lines) (Shakespeare). Adult: *The Hounds of Spring* (extract) (Swinburne).

Bronze Medal Class—Junior: *Piping down the Valleys* (Blake). Senior: *In a Drear Nighted December* (Keats). Adult: *Satan's Address to the Sun* (Milton).

Silver Medal Class—Junior: *The Nymph Complains at the Death of Her Fawn* (extract) (Marvell). Senior: *Shakespeare* (Matthew Arnold). Adult: *Prospice* (Browning).

For the convenience of those concerned, the words of the text

pieces, which come into force in the autumn, are given below.
CERTIFICATES—*Junior :*

HOME THOUGHTS FROM ABROAD

Oh, to be in England
Now that April's there,
And whoever wakes in England
Sees, some morning, unaware,
That the lowest boughs and the brushwood sheaf
Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,
While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
In England—now !

And after April, when May follows,
And the whitethroat builds, and all the swallows !
Hark, where my blossomed pear-tree in the hedge
Leans to the field and scatters on the clover
Blossoms and dewdrops—at the bent spray's edge—
That's the wise thrush ; he sings each song twice over,
Lest you should think he never could recapture
The first fine careless rapture !
And though the fields look rough with hoary dew,
All will be gay when noontide wakes anew
The buttercups, the little children's dower
—Far brighter than this gaudy melon-flower !

R. BROWNING.

Senior :

TO THINE OWN SELF BE TRUE

There, my blessing with thee !
And these few precepts in thy memory
Look thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportioned thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar ;
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel ;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatched, unfledged comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel, but, being in,
Bear't that the opposed may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice ;
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not expressed in fancy ; rich, not gaudy ;
For the apparel oft proclaims the man,
And they in France of the best rank and station
Are most select and generous, chief in that.
Neither a borrower, nor a lender be ;

For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all: to thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

W. SHAKESPEARE.

Adult:

CHORUS FROM ATALANTA

When the hounds of spring are on winter's traces,
The mother of months in meadow or plain
Fills the shadows and windy places
With lisp of leaves and ripple of rain;
And the brown, bright nightingale amorous
Is half assuaged for Itylus,
For the Thracian ships and the foreign faces,
The tongueless vigil, and all the pain.

Come with bows bent and with emptying of quivers,
Maiden most perfect, lady of light,
With a noise of winds and many rivers,
With a clamour of waters, and with might;
Bind on thy sandals, O thou most fleet,
Over the splendour and speed of thy feet;
For the faint east quickens, and the wan west shivers,
Round the feet of the day and the feet of the night.

For winter's rains and ruins are over,
And all the season of snows and sins;
The days dividing lover and lover,
The light that loses, the night that wins;
And time remembered is grief forgotten,
And frosts are slain and flowers begotten,
And in green underwood and cover
Blossom by blossom the spring begins.

SWINBURNE.

BRONZE MEDAL CLASS—*Juniors:*

"PIPING DOWN THE VALLEYS"
(From Blake's *Songs of Innocence*)

Piping down the valleys wild,
Piping songs of pleasant glee,
On a cloud I saw a child,
And he laughing said to me:

"Pipe a song about a Lamb!"
So I piped with merry cheer.
"Piper, pipe that song again";
So I piped: he wept to hear.

" Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe ;
Sing thy songs of happy cheer " :
So I sang the same again,
While he wept with joy to hear.

" Piper, sit thee down and write
In a book, that all may read " ;
So he vanished from my sight,
And I plucked a hollow reed,

And I made a rural pen,
And I stained the water clear,
And I wrote my happy songs,
Every child may joy to hear.

Seniors :

IN A DREAR-NIGHTED DECEMBER

In a drear-nighted December,
Too happy, happy tree,
Thy branches ne'er remember
Their green felicity :
The north cannot undo them,
With a sleety whistle through them
Nor frozen thawings glue them
From budding at the prime.

In a drear-nighted December,
Too happy, happy brook,
Thy bubblings ne'er remember
Apollo's summer look ;
But with a sweet forgetting,
They stay their crystal fretting,
Never, never petting
About the frozen time.

Ah ! would 'twere so with many
A gentle girl and boy !
But were there ever any
Writhed not at passèd joy ?
To know the change and feel it,
When there is none to heal it,
Nor numbed sense to steal it,
Was never said in rhyme.

J. KEATS.

Adult :

SATAN'S ADDRESS TO THE SUN
(From *Paradise Lost*, Bk. iv.,

O Thou, that, with surpassing glory crowned,
Look'st from thy sole dominion like the god
Of this new world ; at whose sight all the stars
Hide their diminished heads ; to thee I call,
But with no friendly voice, and add thy name,
O sun ! to tell thee how I hate thy beams,
That bring to my remembrance from what state
I fell, how glorious once above thy sphere,
Till pride and worse ambition threw me down
Warring in heaven against heaven's matchless king.
Ah, wherefore ? He deserved no such return
From me, whom He created what I was
In that bright eminence, and with his good
Upbraided none ; nor was his service hard.

. . . . .

Me miserable ! which way shall I fly
Infinite wrath and infinite despair ?
Which way I fly is hell ; myself am hell ;
And, in the lowest deep, a lower deep
Still threatening to devour me opens wide,
To which the hell I suffer seems a heaven.

MILTON.

SILVER MEDAL CLASS—*Juniors :*

THE NYMPH COMPLAINING FOR THE DEATH OF HER FAWN (EXTRACT)

The wanton troopers, riding by,
Have shot my fawn, and it will die !

. . . .

I have a garden of my own,
But so with roses overgrown,
And lilies, that you would it guess
To be a little wilderness ;
And all the spring-time of the year
It only loved to be there.
Among the beds of lilies I
Have sought it oft, where it should lie,
Yet could not, till itself would rise,
Find it, although before mine eyes ;
For in the flaxen lilies' shade,
It like a bank of lilies laid.
Upon the roses it would feed,
Until its lips e'en seemed to bleed ;

And then to me 'twould boldly trip,
And print those roses on my lip.
But all its chief delight was still
On roses thus itself to fill;
And its pure virgin limbs to fold
In whitest sheets of lilies cold.
Had it lived long, it would have been
Lilies without, roses within.

A. MARVELL.

Senior :

SHAKESPEARE

Others abide our question. Thou art free.
We ask and ask : Thou smilest and art still,
Out-topping knowledge. For the loftiest hill
That to the stars uncrowns his majesty,
Planting his steadfast footsteps in the sea,
Making the Heaven of Heavens his dwelling-place,
Spares but the cloudy border of his base
To the foiled searching of mortality :
And thou, who didst the stars and sunbeams know,
Self-schooled, self-scanned, self-honoured, self-secure,
Didst walk on Earth unguessed at. Better so !
All pains the immortal spirit must endure,
All weakness that impairs, all griefs that bow,
Find their sole voice in that victorious brow.

M. ARNOLD.

Adult :

PROSPICE

Fear death ?—to feel the fog in my throat,
The mist in my face,
When the snows begin, and the blasts denote
I am nearing the place,
The power of the night, the press of the storm,
The post of the foe ;
Where he stands, the Arch Fear in a visible form,
Yet the strong man must go :
For the journey is done and the summit attained,
And the barriers fall,
Though a battle's to fight ere the guerdon be gained,
The reward of it all.

I was ever a fighter, so—one fight more,
The best and the last !
I would hate that death bandaged my eyes, and forbore,
And bade me creep past.
No ! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers
The heroes of old,

Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's arrears
Of pain, darkness, and cold.
For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,
The black minute's at end,
And the elements' rage, the fiend-voices that rave,
Shall dwindle, shall blend,
Shall change, shall become first a peace, then a joy,
Then a light, then thy breast,
O thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee again,
And with God be the rest!

R. BROWNING.

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A DISTINGUISHED POET ON THE READING OF POETRY: Mr. Schuyler R. Myers, of Chicago, in renewing his membership of The Poetry Society, writes: "I still regard THE POETRY REVIEW as unequalled by any magazine of its kind that has yet come under my notice, and heartily commend among other things the efforts of the Society to encourage the proper reading of verse. For many years now I have made it a practice, in my private reading, both of literary prose and of poetry, to read aloud; and this I do because I thereby sense more fully not only the thought-content of what I read, but also, to a still greater degree, its emotional significance and that most distinctive element of its beauty—the inward affinity or harmony between the emotional-content and all those tonal devices in which it finds an apt expression, such as metre, rhythm, rhyme, the repetition or fitting alternation of vowel and consonantal sounds: in a word, what we term the verse music. For poetry at its best—which I take to be emotionalized thought beautifully expressed in words—is as dependent for its expression on sound as it is on ideas symbolized by words. In teaching literature, too, I pursued the same method as in private reading, piecing out my comments on a particular passage with the actual reading of it aloud; and it seemed to me that my pupils gained thereby a larger sense of the significance of what they studied. My experience, therefore, leads me to commend your efforts in this direction. Where readers have that mystic sense of the fine relationship between sound and emotion, and of the beauty of it, they can do much, it seems to me, in creating among a people that state of mind and heart out of which the production of good poetry springs.

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The Examiners for the Gold Medal for Verse-Speaking at the next Examination, which will be held in November and will take, as usual, the form of a public Poetry Recital, will be Lady Margaret Sackville, Mr. J. Hubert Jagger, M.A., D.Litt., author of *Modern English*, etc., and Dr. E. J. B. Kirtlan. Prospective candidates may obtain further particulars from the General Secretary and Registrar, The Poetry Society (Inc.), 16 Featherstone Buildings, W.C.1.